A POWER COMIC

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SMASH!

No. 85
16th SEPT. 1967
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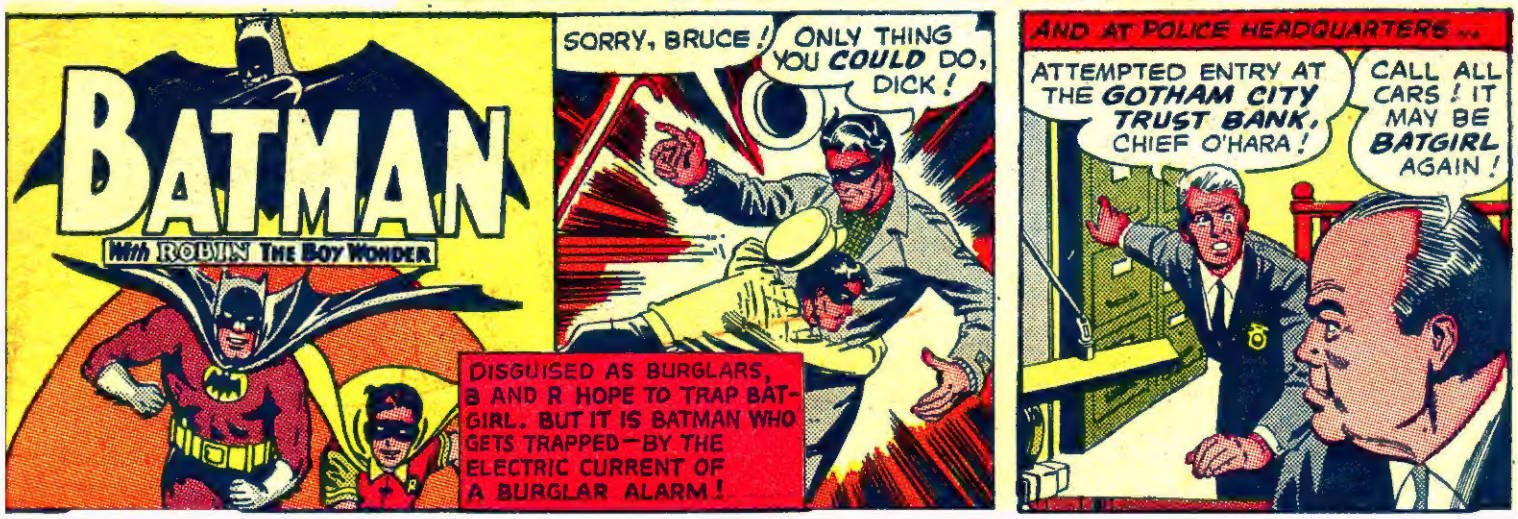

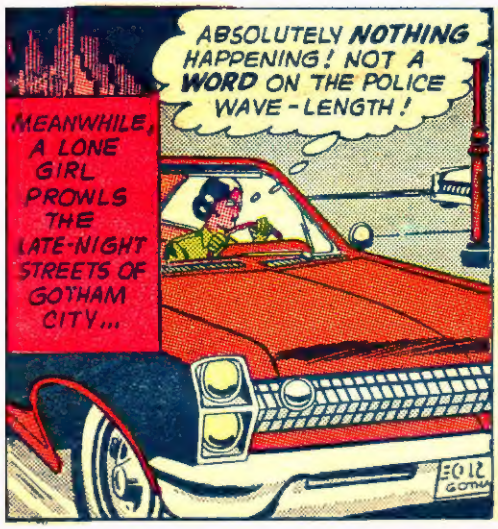

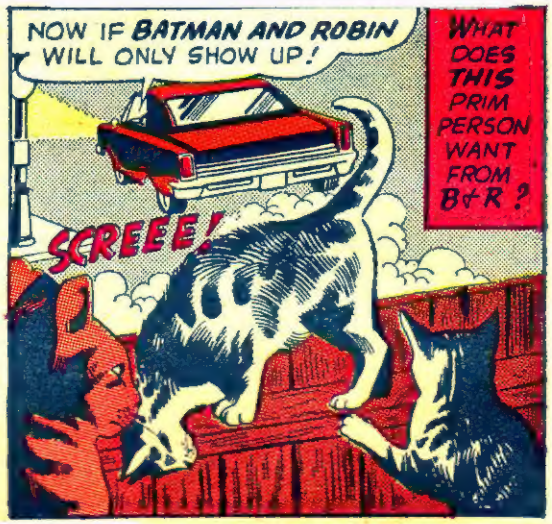

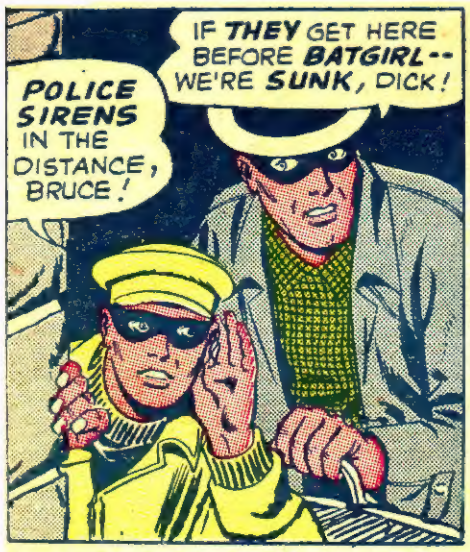

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AND AT THAT MOMENT A CAR GLIDES TO A SILENT STOP A BLOCK AWAY--

BOB KANE

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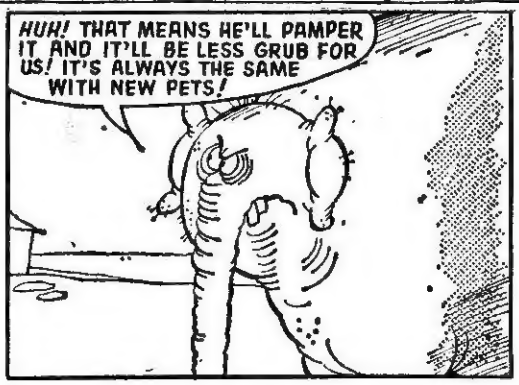
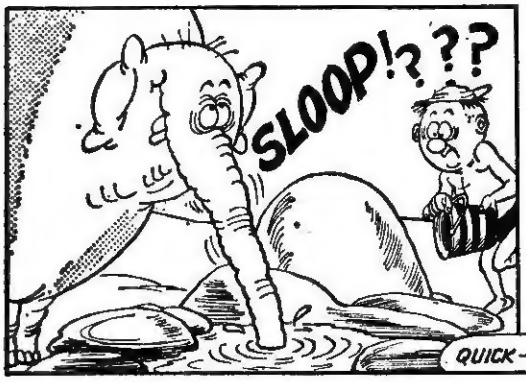
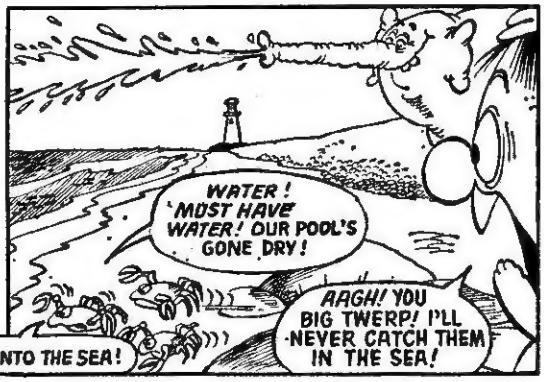
Percy's Pets

I HAVEN'T GOT A CRAB FOR A PET— I'LL GET ONE WHILE I'M AT THE SEASIDE!

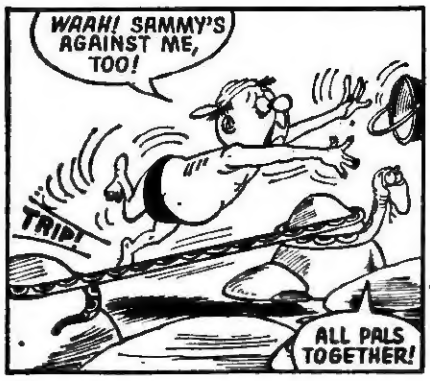

HUH! THAT MEANS HE'LL PAMPER IT AND IT'LL BE LESS GRUB FOR US! IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME WITH NEW PETS!

I RECKON WE'LL HAVE TO STOP HIM, READERS!


SLOOP!???
QUICK—INTO THE SEA!


WATER! MUST HAVE WATER! OUR POOL'S GONE DRY!
AAGH! YOU BIG TWERP! I'LL NEVER CATCH THEM IN THE SEA!

YOU WON'T TRY THAT AGAIN!

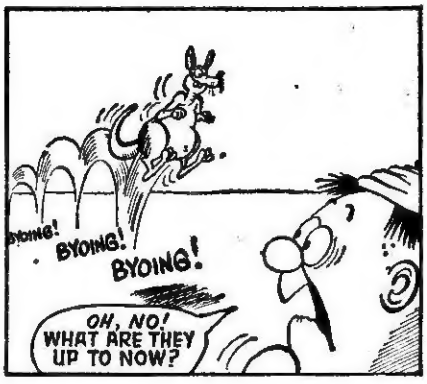

WAAH! SAMMY'S AGAINST ME, TOO!
TRIP!
ALL PALS TOGETHER!

COO! THANKS! WE'RE BEING CARRIED BACK TO SEA!
SMASHING! THAT'S GOT RID OF THESE CRABS IN THIS POOL, TOO!

GRR! WHAT'S THE GAME?
... YOU PINCHING CRABS! SNIGGER!

LATER...
LOOK OUT! PERCY'S FOUND A CRAB OUT OF WATER! STOP HIM, LADS!

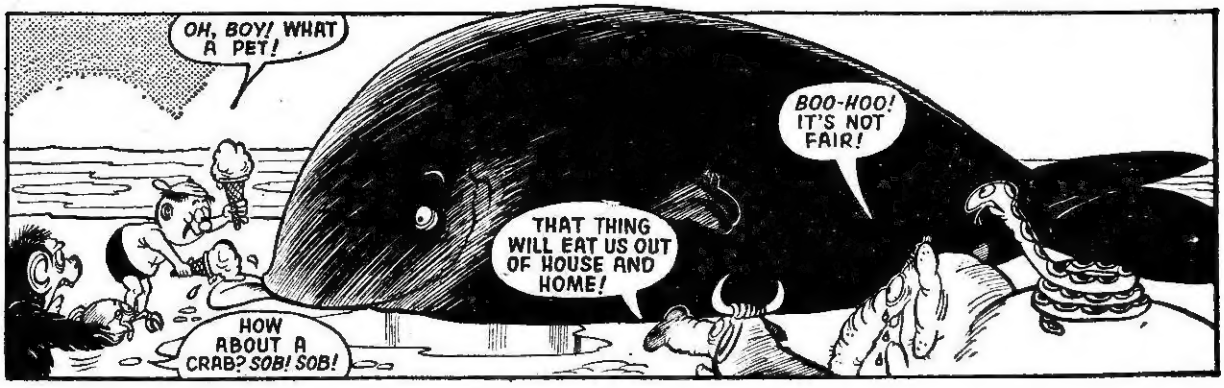
DON'T RUN, CRAB — I WANT TO BE FRIENDS!
I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES! GULP!

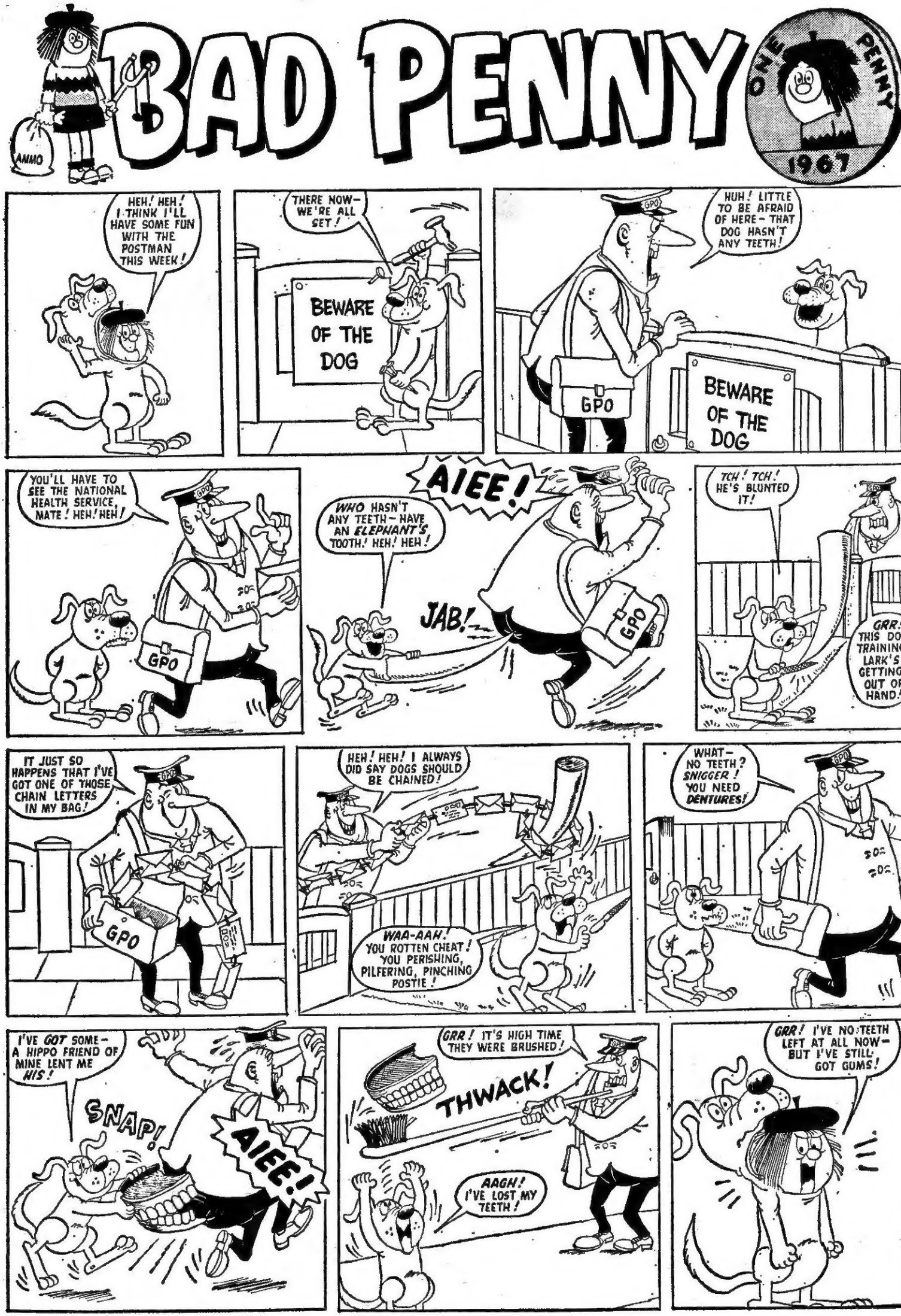

BYOING!
BYOING!
OH, NO! WHAT ARE THEY UP TO NOW?

WAAA-AAH!
BLAT!
RELAX, PERCY! I'M ONLY TAILING YOU! SNIGGER!

SPLASH!
I RECKON PERCY WILL FORGET ABOUT CRABS NOW!

OH, NO! LOOK WHAT PERCY'S FOUND OUT THERE!


OH, BOY! WHAT A PET!
BOO-HOO! IT'S NOT FAIR!
THAT THING WILL EAT US OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME!
HOW ABOUT A CRAB? SOB! SOB!


BAD PENNY
AMMO
ONE PENNY
1967
HEH! HEH! I THINK I'LL HAVE SOME FUN WITH THE POSTMAN THIS WEEK!
THERE NOW— WE'RE ALL SET!
BEWARE OF THE DOG
HUH! LITTLE TO BE AFRAID OF HERE – THAT DOG HASN'T ANY TEETH!
GPO
BEWARE OF THE DOG
YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE THE NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE, MATE! HEH! HEH!
GPO
AIEE!
WHO HASN'T ANY TEETH – HAVE AN ELEPHANT'S TOOTH! HEH! HEH!
JAB!
GPO
TCH! TCH! HE'S BLUNTED IT!
GRR! THIS DOG TRAINING LARK'S GETTING OUT OF HAND!
IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT I'VE GOT ONE OF THOSE CHAIN LETTERS IN MY BAG!
GPO
HEH! HEH! I ALWAYS DID SAY DOGS SHOULD BE CHAINED!
WAA-AAH! YOU ROTTEN CHEAT! YOU PERISHING, PILFERING, PINCHING POSTIE!
WHAT— NO TEETH? SNIGGER! YOU NEED DENTURES!
I'VE GOT SOME— A HIPPO FRIEND OF MINE LENT ME HIS!
SNAP!
AIEE!
GRR! IT'S HIGH TIME THEY WERE BRUSHED!
THWACK!
AAGH! I'VE LOST MY TEETH!
GRR! I'VE NO TEETH LEFT AT ALL NOW— BUT I'VE STILL GOT GUMS!

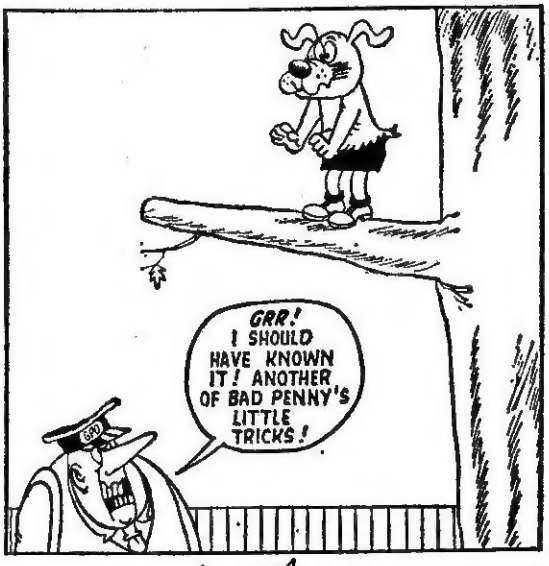
ALL SORTS OF GUMS! SNIGGER!
PASTE
GUM
GLUE

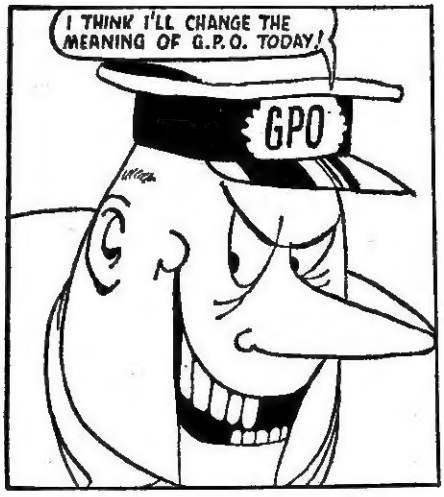
LATER...
I RECKON I'M SAFE FROM THAT POOCH NOW!
GPO

HEH! HEH! HAVE A GUM, CHUM!
GUM
SPLUB!
AAGH!

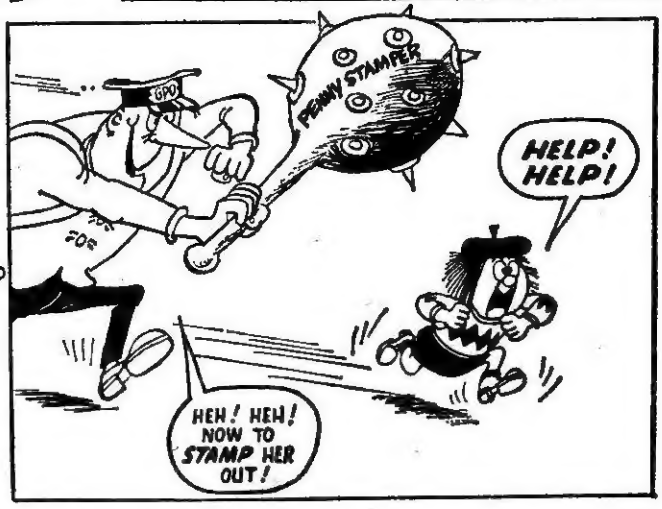
HEH! HEH! LOOK AT THE SNOB! HE'S ALL STUCK UP SNIGGER!
GUM
GRR! THAT DOES IT!

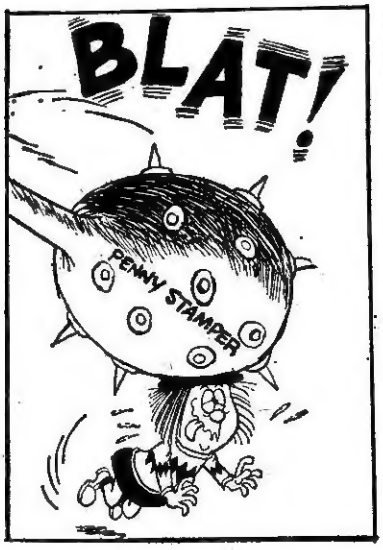
RIP!
?
I HEARD THAT!


GRR! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT! ANOTHER OF BAD PENNY'S LITTLE TRICKS!

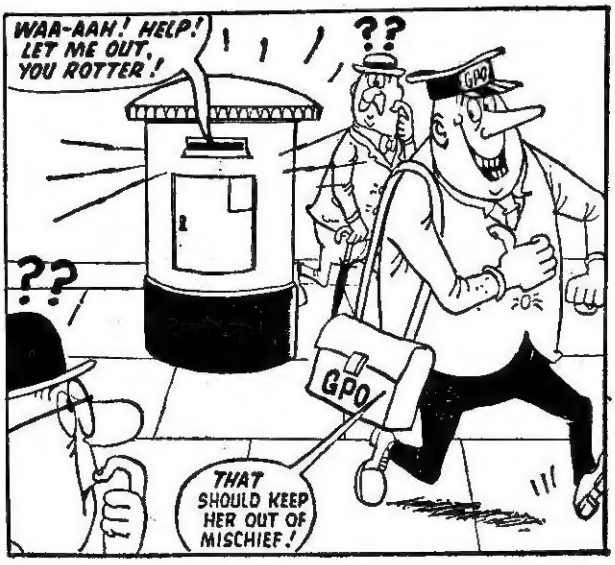

I THINK I'LL CHANGE THE MEANING OF G.P.O. TODAY!
GPO

IT'S NOW GET PENNY OBLITERATED! HEH! HEH!
GPO


PENNY STAMPER
HELP! HELP!
HEH! HEH! NOW TO STAMP HER OUT!


BLAT!
PENNY STAMPER

IN YOU GO, GIRL!
GPO


WAA-AAH! HELP! LET ME OUT, YOU ROTTER!
??
GPO
THAT SHOULD KEEP HER OUT OF MISCHIEF!

Harry lets himself down

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR BATTLES "The MYSTERIOUS MASKED MATADOR!"

THIS GREAT, EPIC STORY BEGINS TODAY!

FOR DAYS I'VE HEARD REPORTS OF AN UNKNOWN COSTUMED CRIMINAL NAMED *THE MATADOR* WHO IS THE GREATEST THREAT TO LAW AND ORDER IN YEARS! BUT, IF HE'S ANYWHERE IN THE CITY...

...*DAREDEVIL* WILL FIND HIM!

BULLETIN! THE *MASKED MATADOR* IS THE SUBJECT OF A CITY-WIDE MANHUNT! WORKING ALONE, THIS STRANGE CRIMINAL, WHO USES NO FIREARMS, HAS STARTED A ONE-MAN CRIME WAVE WHICH THREATENS TO...

IT DOESN'T SEEM AS THOUGH ANYONE CAN STOP THE *MATADOR!*

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1964.

DAY AFTER DAY, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR HAS COMBED THE CITY, SEEKING THE MATADOR! BUT NOW, AT LAST, HIS HYPER-SENSITIVE EARS DETECT THE FLUTTERING OF A LARGE CAPE ON THE STREET BELOW...

LUCKY IT'S EVENING, AND THE CITY IS HUSHED... OTHERWISE THE THOUSANDS OF OTHER NOISES MIGHT HAVE DROWNED OUT THE FAINT SOUND!

I HEAR THE CAPE BEING SLOWLY RAISED AS A HEAVY IRON VEHICLE APPROACHES IT! EVEN A BLIND MAN CAN NOW DEDUCE THAT THE MATADOR IS FACING AN ONCOMING ARMOURED TRUCK!

BUT WHAT CAN ONE MAN, ARMED ONLY WITH A CAPE, DO AGAINST A STEEL-PLATED VEHICLE?

POISED FOR ACTION... HIS EVERY SENSE OPERATING AT PEAK EFFICIENCY... DAREDEVIL WAITS, USING THE TIME-HONOURED TACTIC OF EVERY TRAINED FIGHTER... WAITING TO LEARN AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE ABOUT HIS FOE BEFORE HE STRIKES!

HEY! WHO'S THAT COSTUMED NUT BLOCKIN' OUR WAY?? LOOK OUT... YOU'LL *HIT* 'IM!

NUT *NOTHING!* DON'T YOU READ THE *PAPERS??* THAT'S THE *MASKED MATADOR!* HE'S NOT MOVIN'! I CAN'T STOP IN TIME! I'LL HAVE TO SWERVE OUT OF THE WAY!

SCREEE!

THEN, AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SPLIT-SECOND, THE MASKED CRIMINAL MAKES HIS MOVE! EVEN THOUGH THE STARTLED DRIVER TRIES DESPERATELY TO AVOID HITTING HIM, THE MATADOR HURLS HIS CAPE AT THE WINDSHIELD, TEMPORARILY BLINDING THE TWO MEN INSIDE!

WHAT'S HE *DOING??* I CAN'T *SEE!*

CUT 'ER *SHARP!* WATCH *OUT!* WE'RE GONNA *HIT* SOMETHING!

SO *THAT'S* HOW HE DOES IT! OKAY, MATADOR... I'VE HEARD *ENOUGH!*

AHHH, TORO! ONCE AGAIN I HAVE TRIUMPHED! WHAT DELICACY! WHAT ARTISTRY! WHAT MAGNIFICENT DARING! NO *WONDER* THE MASKED MATADOR IS *UNBEATABLE!*

CRASH!

WHAT IS *THIS??* WHO *DARES?* AHH... THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR! *OLÉ,* DAREDEVIL!

HE'S AS FAST AS *I* AM! HE CONFUSED ME WITH HIS WAVING CAPE!

BUT THEN, BEFORE DAREDEVIL CAN FOLLOW UP HIS ATTACK...
THAT SUDDEN SOUND! A CABLE SLIPPING OUT OF ITS PULLEY! AN UNNATURAL DISPLACEMENT OF AIR ABOVE!
IF IT SIGNIFIES WHAT I THINK.. I'M NEEDED!
COME, DAREDEVIL! TO ME, YOU ARE NO MORE THAN A HELPLESS TORO!
BUT DAREDEVIL HAS A MORE PRESSING PROBLEM TO COPE WITH! FOR, ON THE BUILDING ABOVE...
HELP! I'M FALLING! MY SCAFFOLDING BROKE!
I HEAR ONE END OF THE ROPE TRAILING ON THE GROUND! THERE'S STILL HOPE FOR THAT FALLING PAINTER!
ALL THOUGHT OF HIS DANGEROUS FOE TEMPORARILY FORGOTTEN, THE GALLANT GLADIATOR MOVES WITH DAZZLING SPEED...
AS THE SCAFFOLD FALLS, THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE WILL RISE!
HOW CAN HE EXPECT TO SAVE THAT DOOMED MAN?
IF I CAN JUST REACH IT IN TIME!
GOT IT!
NOW TO LISTEN FOR THE SOUND OF THE FALLING PAINTER!
HERE HE COMES!
HELP! SOMEONE... HELP ME!!
YOUR HAND! STRETCH OUT YOUR HAND! QUICKLY, MAN!
A LESSER MAN WOULD NOT HAVE HAD THE SKILL, THE SPEED, THE STRENGTH TO ACCOMPLISH SUCH AN AWESOME FEAT! BUT, THIS IS NO LESSER MAN... THIS IS DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
EASY NOW... EASY! OUR COMBINED WEIGHT WILL BE ENOUGH TO SLOWLY LOWER US SAFELY TO THE GROUND!
YOU DID IT! I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER... BUT YOU SAVED ME!
BUT, BY THE TIME THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER IS READY TO AGAIN FACE HIS COSTUMED ADVERSARY, HE FINDS...
I NO LONGER HEAR THE MATADOR'S CAPE WAFTING IN THE BREEZE... NOR DO I DETECT HIS DISTINCTIVE HEARTBEAT! HE HAS FLED!
BUT I DO HEAR OTHERS APPROACHING! I, TOO, HAD BEST FADE INTO THE SHADOWS!
LOOK! IT'S DAREDEVIL!
SUDDENLY RACING AROUND THE CORNER, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR IS SOON TRANSFORMED INTO MATT MURDOCK, THE BRILLIANT BLIND LAWYER!..
I'D BETTER RETURN TO THE OFFICE NOW! I'VE STILL GOT A JOB TO TAKE CARE OF!
AND SO, MATT MURDOCK ARRIVES AT THE LAW FIRM OF NELSON AND MURDOCK AS HE HEARS HIS PARTNER'S DISAPPOINTED VOICE...
YOU SAY THAT TONIGHT IS THE ONLY TIME YOU CAN MEET ME FOR THE EXAMINATION BEFORE TRIAL? WELL, I DID HAVE ANOTHER ENGAGEMENT, BUT I GUESS I CAN POSTPONE IT!
POOR FOGGY! HE'LL HAVE TO WORK LATE AGAIN!
BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU, MATT! WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT?? I HAVE A DATE TO TAKE KAREN TO A COSTUME PARTY TONIGHT... AND NOW I'VE GOT TO HANG AROUND HERE, INSTEAD!
HOW ABOUT BEING A PAL AND TAKING HER THERE FOR ME... UNTIL I CAN FINISH UP AND MEET YOU THERE?
THAT, FOGGY, MY BOY, IS THE BEST OFFER I'VE HAD IN MANY A DAY! THE VERDICT IS YES!
I'LL TRY TO GET THERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, MATT! IT SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG!
YOU SAID IT'S A COSTUME PARTY.. I WON'T NEED ONE, WILL I?
OH, NO! YOU CAN GO AS YOU ARE! BUT KAREN AND I PLANNED TO ATTEND AS CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA! I'LL BE CAESAR, OF COURSE!
FOGGY THINKS I'M DOING HIM A FAVOUR! HE DOESN'T SUSPECT HOW I FEEL ABOUT KAREN! AND SHE MUST NEVER SUSPECT IT, EITHER!
I COULDN'T EVER BEAR THE THOUGHT OF KAREN FEELING SORRY FOR ME... OR TRYING TO BE NICE TO ME, SO AS NOT TO HURT THE FEELINGS OF A BLIND MAN!
THAT SOFT, SWEET SCENT OF PERFUME! THAT GENTLE HEARTBEAT! SHE'S HERE NOW!
HELLO, MATT! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE! HOW DO I LOOK, FOGGY?
BRO-THER! KAREN, HONEY, IF TWENTIETH-CENTURY FOX HAD SEEN YOU FIRST, LIZ TAYLOR WOULD PROBABLY NEVER HAVE MET DICK BURTON!
MIND IF MATT ESCORTS YOU, AND I JOIN YOU LATER?
I GUESS I CAN STAND IT IF HE CAN!
AND SO...
WHY DON'T WE STOP AND FIND A COSTUME FOR YOU, MATT? YOU'D PROBABLY ENJOY REMAINING AT THE PARTY!
I MIGHT, KAREN... BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THREE'S A CROWD! I DON'T THINK FOGGY NEEDS ANOTHER MAN HANGING AROUND WHEN HE'S AT A PARTY WITH YOU!
I KNOW I'D WANT TO BE ALL ALONE WITH YOU, IF I EVER HAD THE CHANCE, MY DARLING!

A SHORT TIME LATER...
THE RUSTLE OF SILKS AND SATINS...CLINK OF 'ARMOUR'...SOUND OF MIXED, LAUGHING VOICES! I CAN PICTURE THE SCENE AS THOUGH MY EYES SEE IT!
OH, MATT! YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW LOVELY IT IS! IT'S THE BIGGEST CHARITY BALL OF THE YEAR! JUST EVERYBODY IS HERE!

THAT HEARTBEAT! THAT FAST, NERVOUS PULSE RATE! I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE! WAIT... OF COURSE!.. THE MASKED MATADOR!
I CAN HEAR THE WAY HIS FABRIC FOLDS WHEN HE MOVES! IT'S HIS MATADOR COSTUME!

HOW CLEVER OF HIM! A COSTUME PARTY IS THE ONE FUNCTION HE CAN ATTEND IN HIS CRIMINAL GUISE WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION! OTHERS WILL THINK HE'S ONE OF THE GUESTS!

MY RADAR SENSE INDICATES HE'S STANDING AGAINST THE WALL ...HIS BACK TOWARDS THE CROWD! I HEAR HIM TURNING A DIAL... SOFTLY... CAUTIOUSLY...
IT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING —HE'S OPENING THE SAFE!

I CAN'T REVEAL MY IDENTITY AS DAREDEVIL, BUT I MUST WARN THE OTHERS! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... I'LL HAVE TO SPEAK IN A LOUD VOICE!
KAREN, I'LL BET IF THE MATADOR WANTED TO ROB THE WALL SAFE HERE, HE COULD DO IT WITHOUT ANYONE NOTICING!
SAY! THERE IS SOMEONE HERE DRESSED LIKE THE MASKED MATADOR!
WHERE? WAIT ...THERE HE IS! SAY! WHY IS HE NEAR THE WALL SAFE?? WHAT'S GOING ON?!
WHAT EVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA, MATT?

CALL THE POLICE! QUICK! HE'S NO GUEST! HE IS THE MASKED MATADOR!
I HAD HOPED TO FINISH MY LITTLE BUSINESS WITHOUT CAUSING A DISTURBANCE; BUT ALAS, YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE!

STOP HIM! HOLD HIM TILL THE POLICE ARRIVE!
AH! THAT IS EASIER SAID THAN DONE, MY BRAVES! SO, YOU WOULD ATTACK THE MATADOR! WELL, THEN... COME AND GET ME!
THAT RIDICULOUS CLOAK CAN'T HELP HIM NOW! GET HIM!

AYYY, TORO! OLE!
HE'S AS SLIPPERY AS AN EEL!

ALL I NEED DO IS STOP IN MY TRACKS AND TOY WITH YOU AGAIN!
IF ONLY THE BULLS WERE AS CLUMSY AS YOU!!
OOOF!
LET'S STOP! WE'VE GOT TO PLAN AN ATTACK! HE'S MAKING US LOOK LIKE FOOLS!

OH, MATT! THAT MAN IS DANGEROUS! NO ONE CAN LAY A HAND ON HIM! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO NEXT!
IF ONLY I HAD A CHANCE TO SECRETLY CHANGE TO DAREDEVIL!

THEY'RE STILL FIGHTING! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS HERE FOR A MAN WHO CAN'T SEE TO PROTECT HIMSELF! QUICK... GO INTO THE NEXT ROOM! I'LL SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND YOU! YOU'LL BE SAFER THERE!
PERFECT! JUST THE CHANCE I NEED!
BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU? WILL YOU BE SAFE?
OF COURSE, MATT! I WANT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS! NOW HURRY!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE LONDON W.C.2.

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Jim Ingham, New South Wales, Australia; David Phyall, Gravesend, Kent; Dale Rolls, Margate, Kent; Nicholas Hill, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.; Andrew Quick, Teynham, Kent; Janet Freestone, Wigston, Leicester; Marian Heaney, County Armagh, N. Ireland; Martin Gliddon, Aintree, Liverpool 9; Robert Griffiths, Ferndown, Dorset; Martin Trend, Hove, Sussex; Lynn Duckworth, Blackburn, Lancs.; Patricia Freestone, Leicester; Raymond Oakley, Palmers Green, London, N.13; Ian Duncan, Renfrew, Scotland; Dolores Buckenham, Cheltenham, Glos.; Stuart Bellamy, Barnsley, Yorks.; Betty Ann Double, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.; Peter Clarkson, Rotherham, Yorks.; Stephen Brown, Wallasey, Cheshire; Eve Craig, Hendon, London, N.W.4.

PUZZLE! Who's the dedicated soul who nurses the very best from artist and writer? Who honeys letterers and layout-men into doing just a leetle more than is humanly possible? Who, for the sheer love of it, is willing to ruin eyesight correcting proofs, and rip nerves into shreds sweet-talking printers into unbelievable heights of co-operation? No, it's NOT some little old lady, sweet and kind! It's NOT our favourite nice old maiden aunt! It's that overworked, under-estimated, feverish-eyed, genius-of-all-work . . . subject of our final fling at educational extemporaneousness (!!) . . . the comics EDITOR!

Assuming that somewhere there's someone nutty enough to want to be an editor, we'll try to find out what makes this human workhorse tick!

First, what does he DO? Well, the editor doesn't (usually, anyway) make the office coffee . . . but that's about all he doesn't do! It's his job to judge what his readers want and then inspire artist and writer into producing what is wanted! It is he who frets the pages from artist and letterer and thence to the printer! It is the editor who worries out the printing problems that seem to occur on every page of every issue! It is the editor who must keep a jaundiced eye on the circulation of his paper, and if it drops (perish the thought!) it is he who must know why and what to DO about it!

Often he develops the notion that "nobody loves him" . . . that to writers and artists he's a computer-hearted, hustling slave-driver! He can become convinced that, somehow, a deadly feud has sprung up between him and his printer . . . and that one fateful day the printer is sure to win! He'll swear that for every reader's letter he gets praising his publication TWO MORE will criticise it! In fact, he's a past-master at worrying! Because that's the way it gets you!

The editor has cut his teeth on aspects of printing, publishing, reader motivation, marketing, and what-have-you! He's learned to spot the minutest weakness in story or art! And, most important of all, by starting on the bottom rung of his profesh (often as office boy) he's gained his degree in that tough, heart-breaking school called EXPERIENCE!

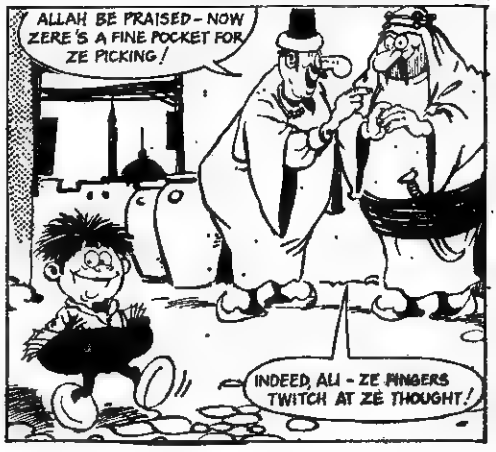
So there's your editor! That's his life! That's OUR life. And the makes-no-sense thing about it is . . . WE LOVE IT!!

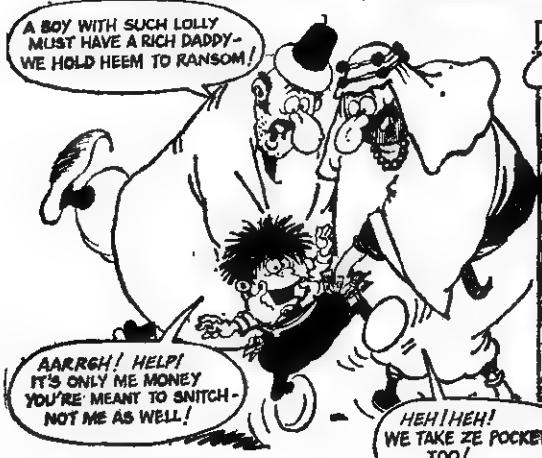
Well, has this three-part course for you frantic ones interested in comics publishing as a career been useful? We hope so, and if it HAS . . . then maybe we'll see you around some day?

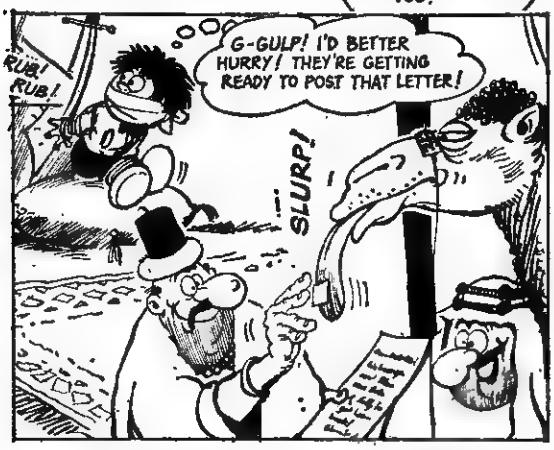
Back in the nineteen-twenties (long before our time, natch!) the American gangsters coined the expression "rubbing out a guy" when what they really meant was shooting some luckless individual very dead! Well, the old-style gangsters are no longer around, and their jargon is as dated as last year's headline news. But now, through the courtesy of Power, the term "rubbing him out" has zoomed back to swinging, contemporary life! We're talking about this week's TERRIFIC! About the first of the Giant-man/Wasp new series! In which they face a foe more efficient at "rubbing out" than any thousand gangsters ever were! That's why this threat to humanity is called THE ERASER!! (subtle, aren't we?). But if that wasn't trouble enough for our heroic pair, THE ERASER is only *part* of the force of evil they *must* overthrow! You see, THE ERASER works for an even *more* villainous boss who . . . well, you get TERRIFIC, this week, and read *all* about it!

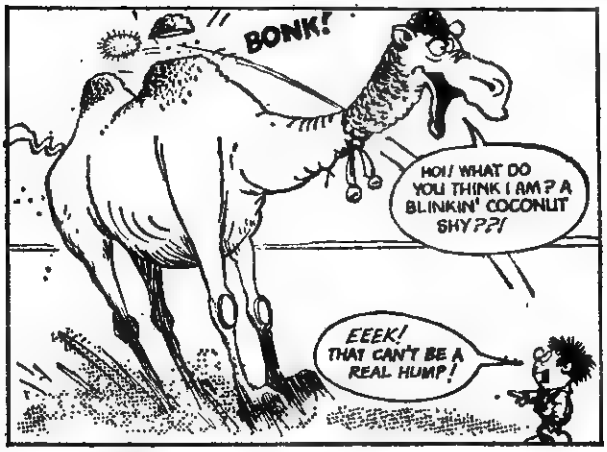
HE'LL INHERIT A £MILLION – IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT..

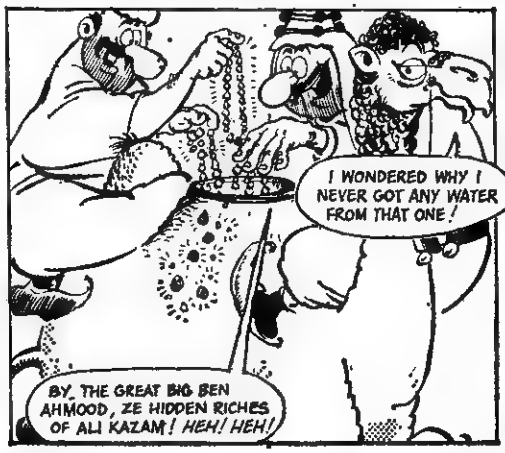
RONNIE RICH



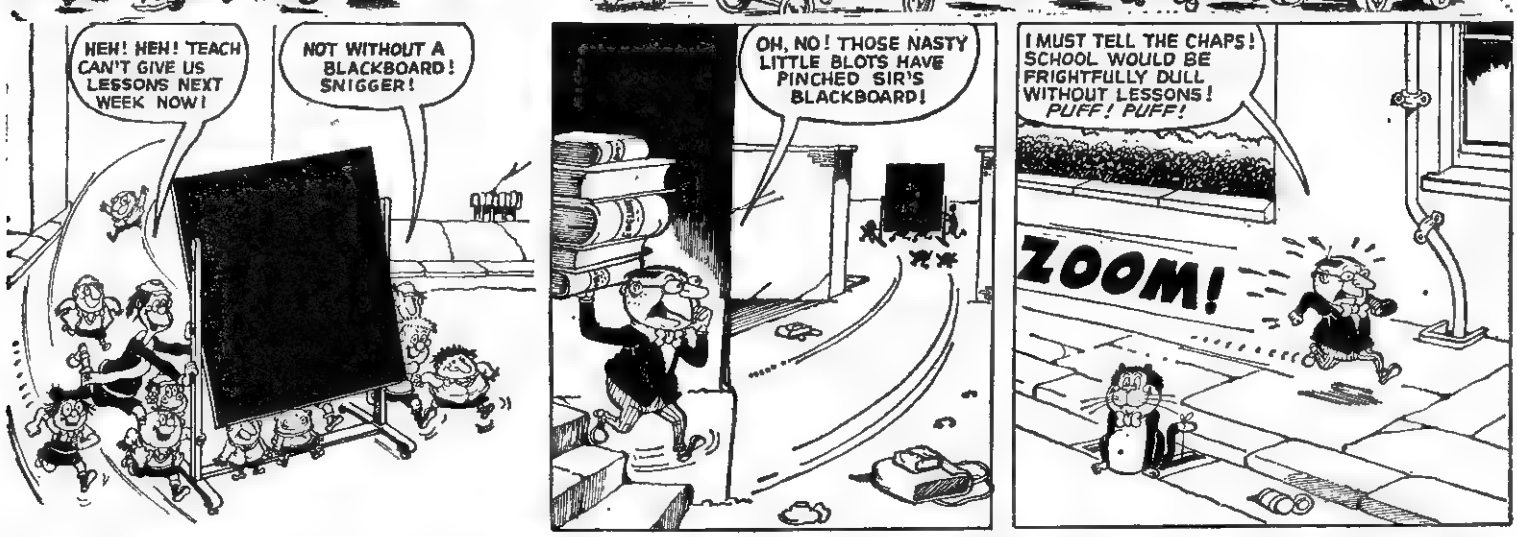


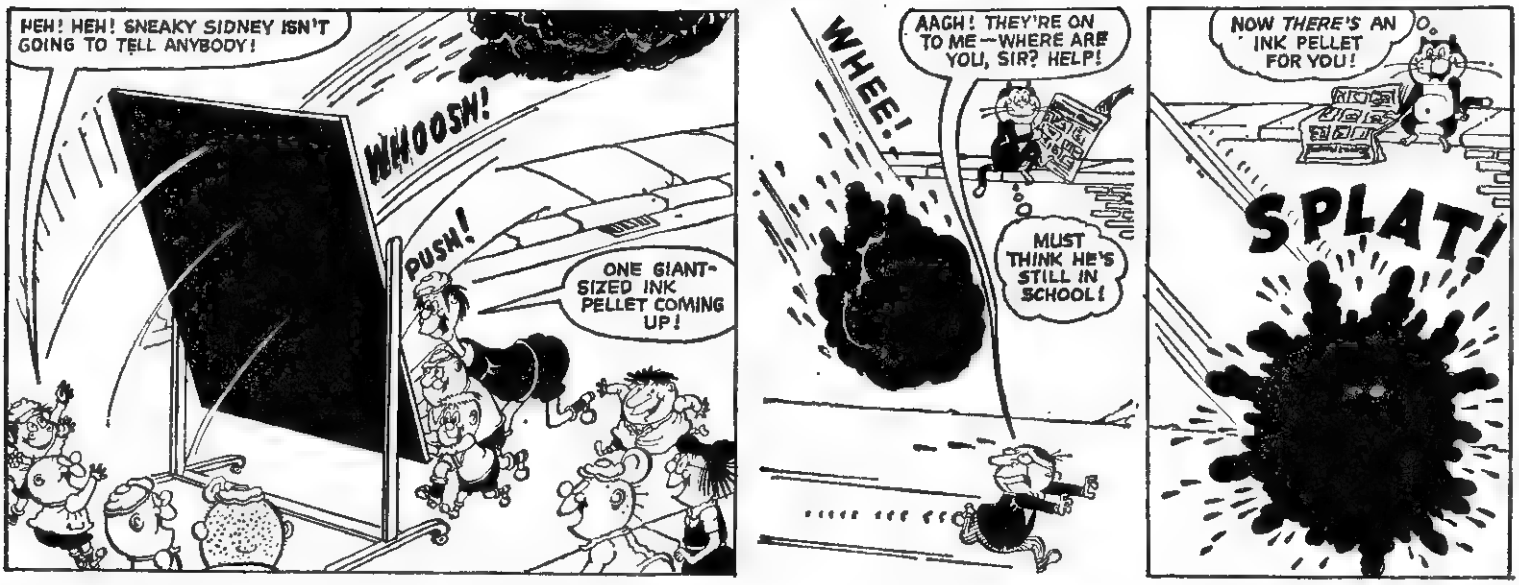


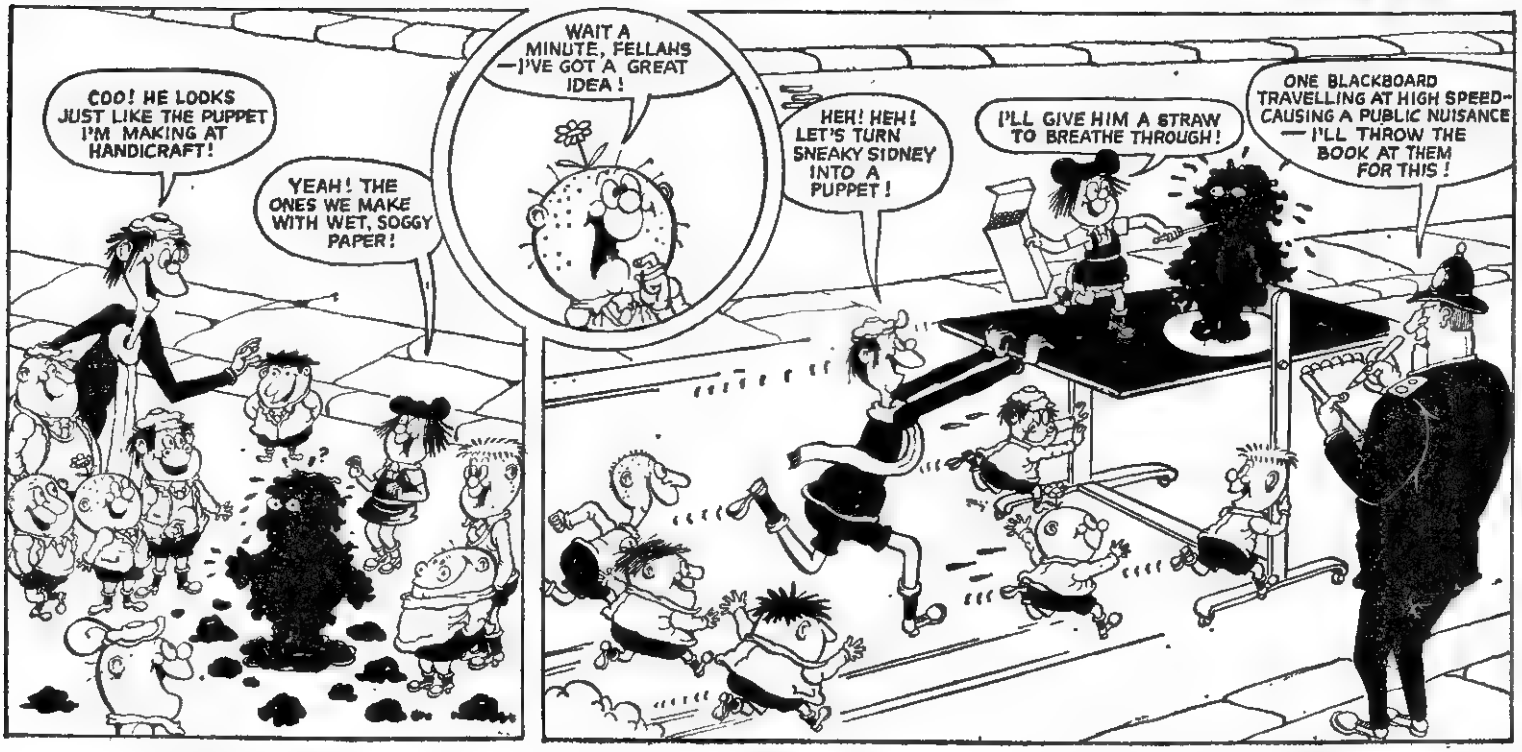




The SWOTS and the BLOTS







WAA-AAH! HELP! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
HEH! HEH! WE'RE GOING TO BAKE YOU, LIKE ALFRED DID THE CAKES!
JUST LIKE AT HANDICRAFT! SNIGGER!

AAGH! HELP! IT'S GOING ALL HARD!
THAT'S WHAT THE HANDICRAFT MASTER SAID WOULD HAPPEN! SNIGGER!

COO! IT'S LOVELY AND HARD NOW!
A PAPIER MACHÉ SWOT—NOW THAT'S *REALLY* SOMETHING—BETTER THAN A MOULDY OLD PUPPET!
GRR! SIR WILL HAVE YOUR HIDES FOR THIS!

HEH! HEH! AND THAT'S GOT RID OF THE BLACKBOARD!
CAN'T WE THROW SIDNEY OVER, TOO?
NO—WE NEED HIM, CLOT! HE'S GOING TO WIN US A PRIZE!

SCHOOL HANDICRAFT CONTEST
GRAND PRIZES FOR THE BEST ENTRIES
BRING YOUR MODELS TO THE TOWN HALL AT 10 A.M. TOMORROW
WE'LL TAKE SIDNEY THERE TOMORROW—WE'RE SURE TO WIN FIRST PRIZE!
IF HE YELLS OUT, WE'LL CLOBBER HIM!

NIGHTY-NIGHT, SIDNEY! PLEASANT DREAMS!
BOO! HOO! MY MUMMY WILL MISS ME—I WANT TO GO HOME!

NEXT MORNING...
WAKEY-WAKEY, SIDNEY! BREAKFAST COMING UP—THE GREAT DAY'S ARRIVED!

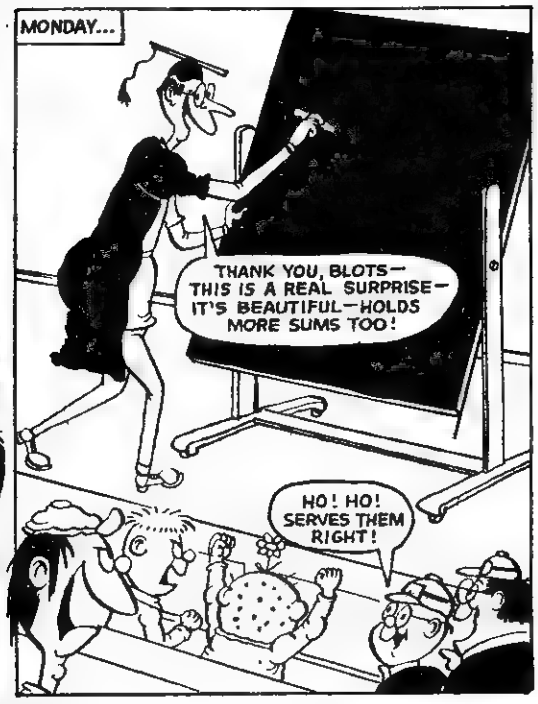
GRR! YOU CAN KEEP YOUR ROTTEN MILK!
WAAGH! IF HE WASN'T SO VALUABLE I'D PULVERISE HIM!

SOON...
THIS'LL MAKE THE OTHER PUPPETS LOOK LIKE TOYS!
YEAH! OURS IS SO LIFELIKE! SNIGGER!

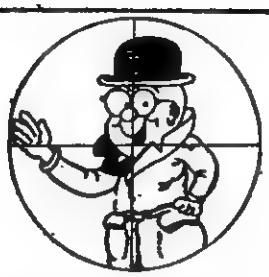
AT THE TOWN HALL...
BY JINGO—THAT'S SPLENDID! YOU REALLY MUST WIN FIRST PRIZE, BOYS—TRULY A WORK OF ART!
ARTY—THAT'S US!

THE BLOTS WIN FIRST PRIZE! AND A SPLENDID ONE IT IS, TOO!
OH, BOY! CUT OUT THE SUSPENSE!
LET'S SEE IT!

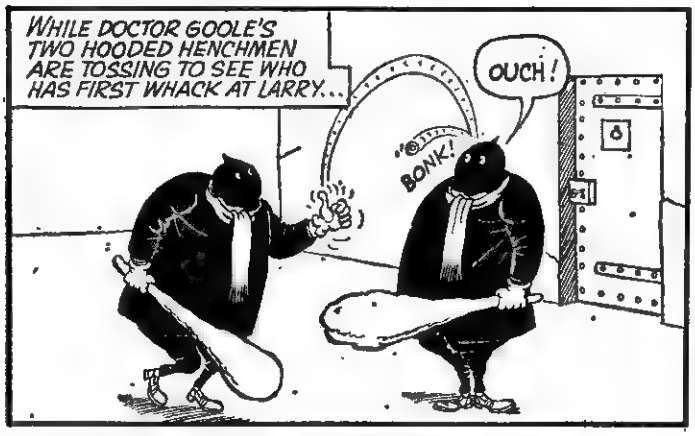
—A BEAUTIFUL, NEW BLACKBOARD FOR THE CLASSROOM OF THE WINNING PUPILS!
OH, NO!
A 8-BLINKIN' BLACKBOARD!

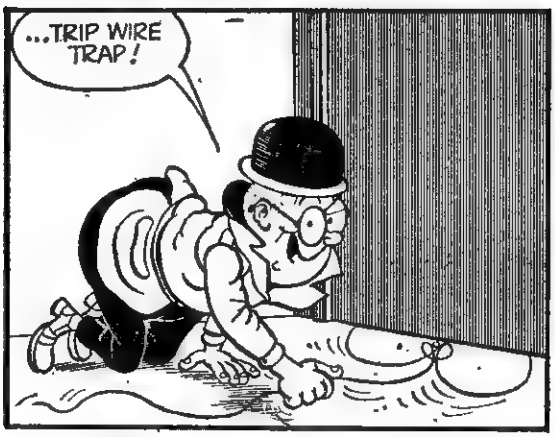

MONDAY...
THANK YOU, BLOTS—THIS IS A REAL SURPRISE—IT'S BEAUTIFUL—HOLDS MORE SUMS TOO!
HO! HO! SERVES THEM RIGHT!

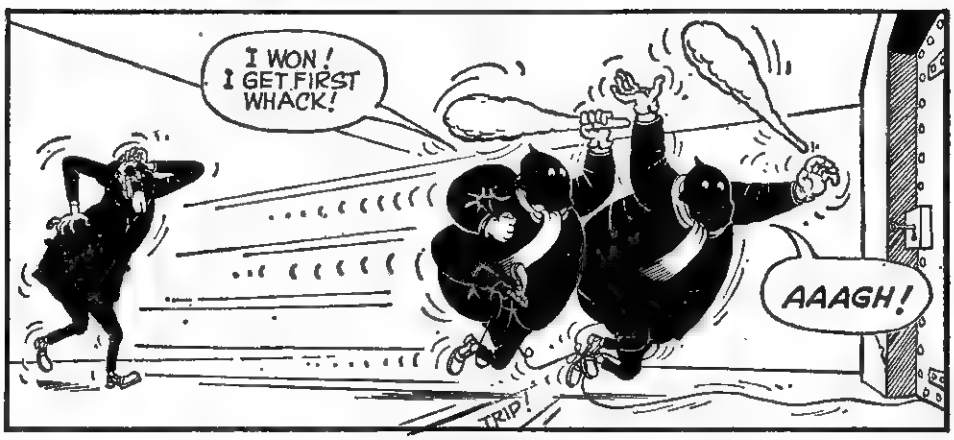
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

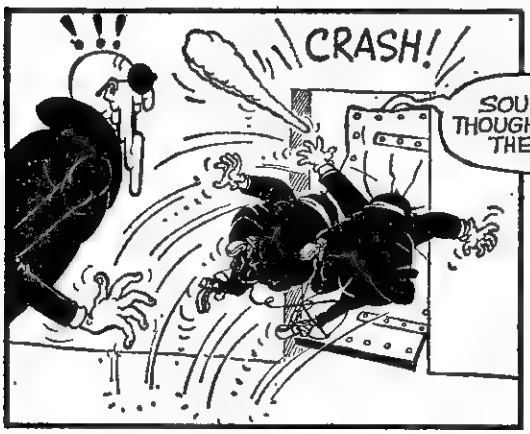


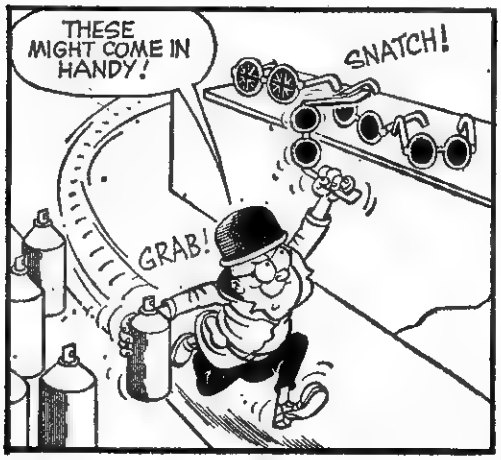
LARRY, OUR MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E., HAS BEEN CAUGHT BY THAT MASTER VILLAIN, DOCTOR GOOLE.

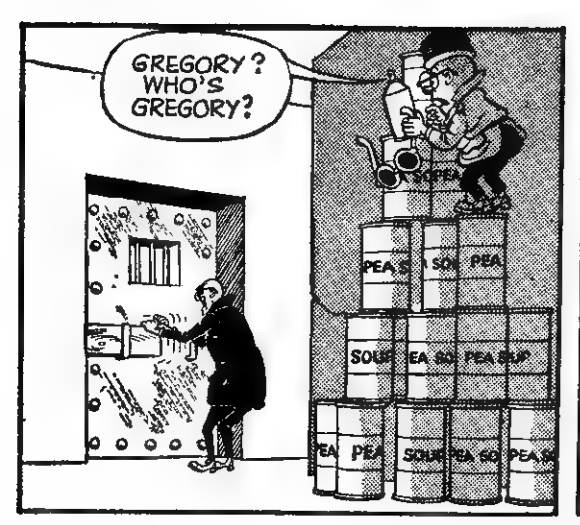


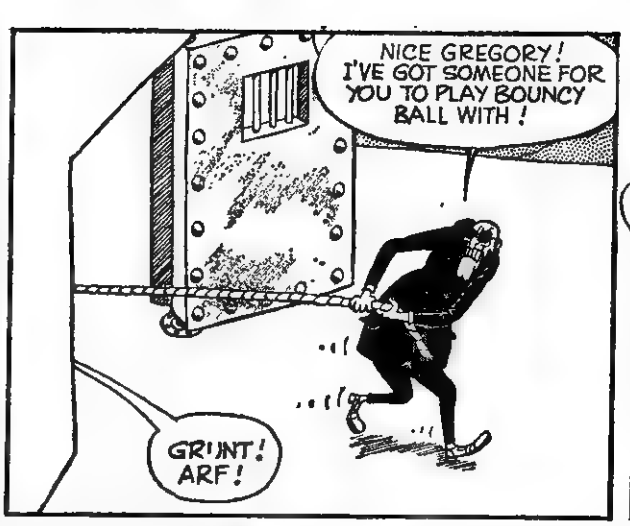


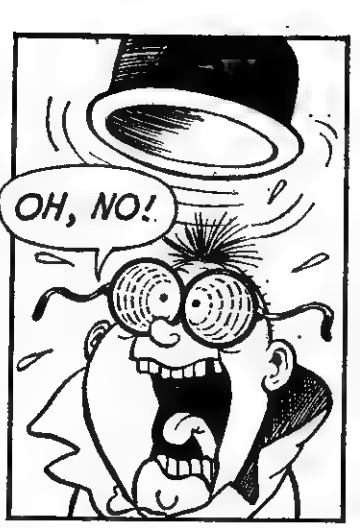


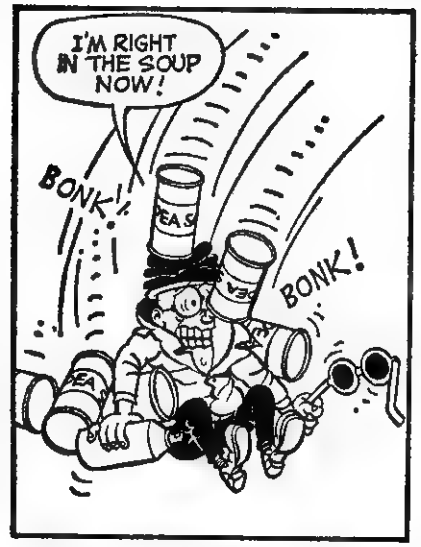


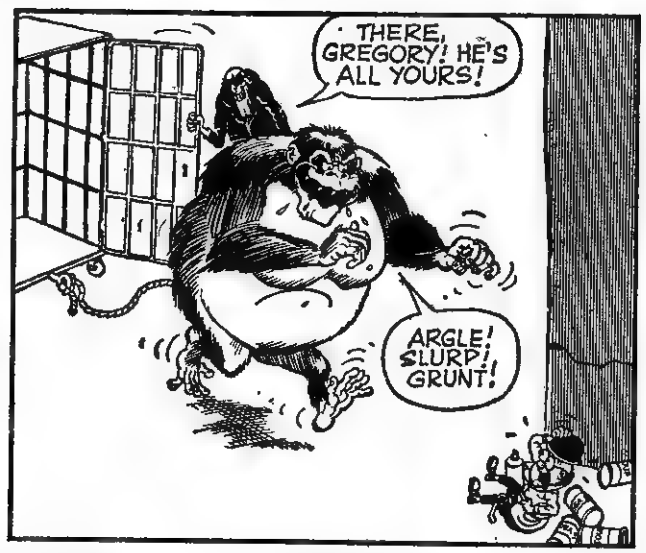


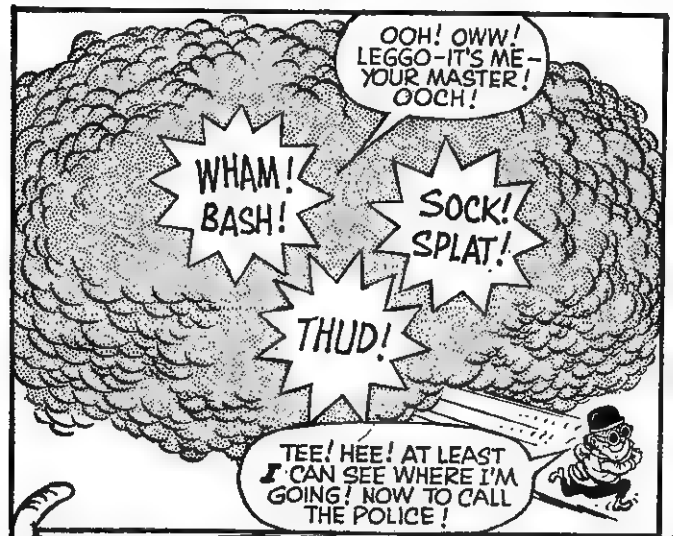




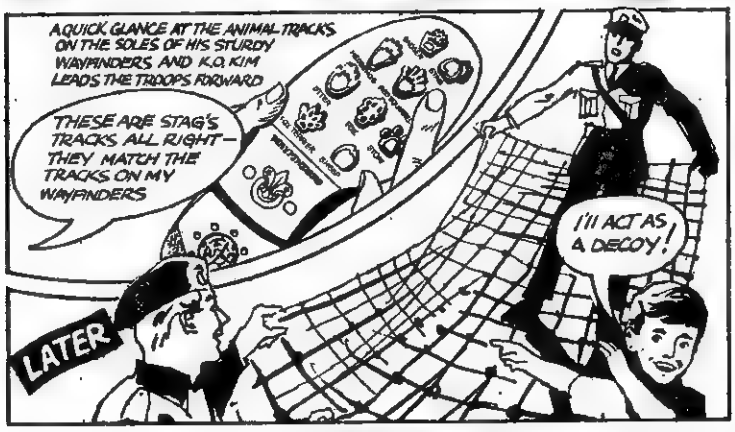


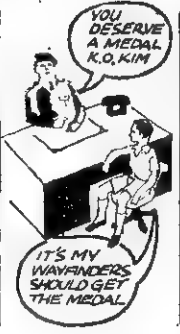






BUNGLE HAS GOT TO **WORM** HIS WAY OUT OF TROUBLE **NEXT WEEK!**





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SMASH-CHAT!

Come on, write to us – you might win £1... Alf and Cos, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Not fair! Swiz! Cheat! Down with misleading articles! Guillotine them! For weeks you have been announcing the coming of Daredevil. You showed glamorous pictures in News from the Floor of 64, and the week before the first showing you even had a full page of the faces of Daredevil and Electro. You said that we had been asking for him! Me? Never! Daredevil turned out to be rubbish, codswallop and piffle. Why, why, why, make the Thing a disgrace to the Fantastic Four, for he broke down a door and left REED to pay for it, and then all he did was criticise its owner! Please take out those rubbishy stories like Percy's Pets, Danger Mouse, Ronnie Rich, Charlie's Choice and the Nervs. And let's have some more of the Man from B.U.N.G.L.E., Grimly Feendish, Bad Penny, Batman and Rubberman. By the way, what does B.U.N.G.L.E. stand for? Now, on to the Hulk. I have decided not to waste a page or so on things like superdo, manifico, and fantablo! But just say, quite simply, that I love it! The Boomerang was a good idea and I hope that you will show some more of him. One thing that I am not quite sure of is those hooded men who keep on killing each other. To what organisation do they belong? I would like to see the Hulk lengthened, but then, I would like to see all of Smash lengthened.

Graham Posner,
Six Mile Bottom, Suffolk.

● *Sorry, Graham—but as far as Daredevil's concerned you are outvoted! Our blind swashbuckler is already hard on the heels of the Hulk as Top of the Power Pops. And WE don't make up the rating. So how do we know? By the coupons (like the one on this page) that all you frantic followers faithfully fill in, naming your favourites. For you and any other Power-packed puzzlers who still don't know what B.U.N.G.L.E. stands for, it means the Bureau for Uncovering Nasty Gangs and Lawless Enemies. Oh, and those hooded hoodlums are members of the Secret Empire.*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In Smash I have noticed that the Hulk doesn't wear glasses, yet Bruce Banner does! Please could you explain this? All the same, Smash is a fabulous comic!

J. Frere,
Wokingham, Berks.

● *When Bruce Banner becomes the Hulk, his senses are also increased to match with his colossal physical strength! Besides, can you imagine the Hulk in glasses?*

Alf and Cos.

Deer Alf and Coz,

I hav always wonderd why there are never eny spelin mistaks on the leters page. I fink dat the Swots and the Blots are grate and verry reelistic. How come Ronnie Rich doesn't spend his muny happily, knowing dat wen he is broke ee always as a 000,000 (can't spell million!). Anyway, count al the spellin mistakes on dis page and send me the number (I can't cownt either!). Yours seriusly,

Neil Oxley,
Raven Field, Yorks.

● *How would you know if there are never eny spelling mistakes on the letters page?*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

While browsing through this month's issue of "THE AMAZING SPIDERMAN" from America, my eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. There you were on the Bullpen page. (Quote) "Affable Al Wallace, talented editor of Odhams Press, publishers of Smash, Wham, Pow, England's most famous and best-selling comic mags, jetted in from London recently . . . So a swinging salute to our pal, and all our block-busting British Boosters." (Unquote).

I bet that you didn't know that you were famous in the swinging U.S.A.

I get all your mags and all I can say is that they're fantasmagorical! (Especially Smash!)

T. Instone,
Castleford, Yorks.

● *Just goes to prove — it's a small world.*

Alf.

Send in this coupon with YOUR letter.

My favourite feature is .....

.....

The feature I don't like is

.....

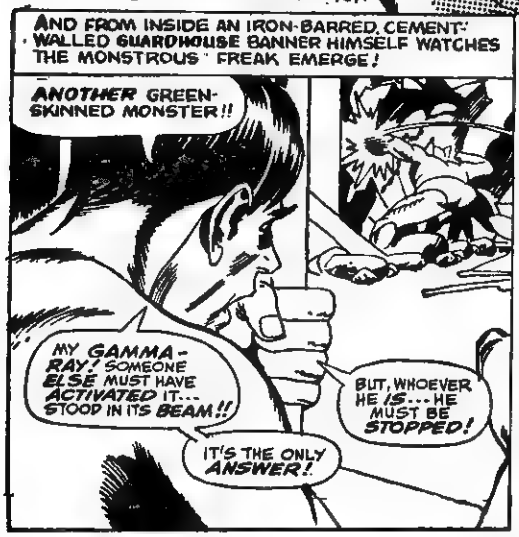
THE INCREDIBLE HULK... FACES THE CHALLENGE OF...

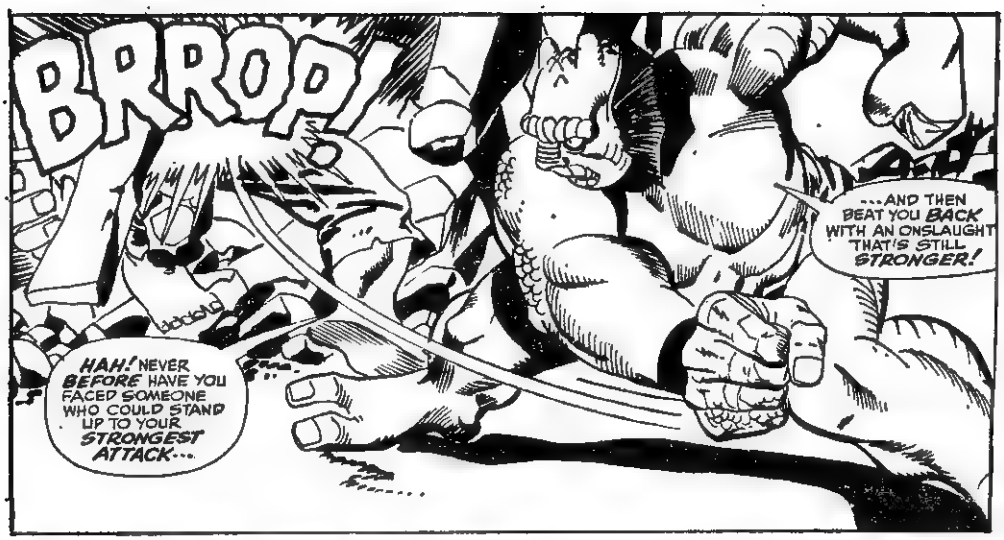
THE ABOMINATION!

THIS IS JUST A PREVIEW OF WHAT IS TO COME! SO WE'LL START OUR STORY WHERE A SPY EMERGES FROM BRUCE BANNER'S GAMMA RAY MACHINE— TRANSFORMED INTO THE ALL-POWERFUL ABOMINATION!

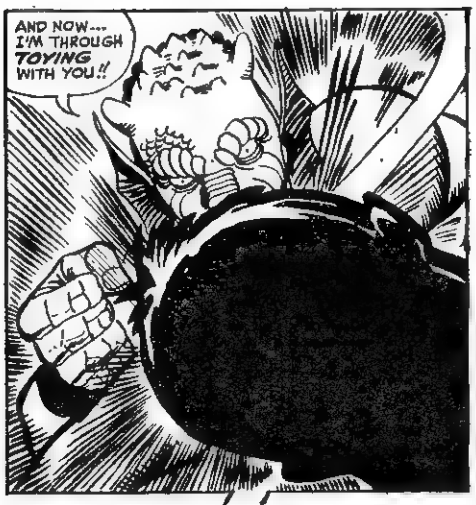
†Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1967.

*AS WE HAVE SEEN, THE MYSTERIOUS GAMMA RAYS AFFECT EVERYONE THEY TOUCH IN A DIFFERENT MANNER! MANY MONTHS AGO, THEY GAVE THE NOW-DEAD LEADER THE MOST BRILLIANT MIND ON EARTH; WHEN THEY TRANSFORMED BRUCE BANNER INTO THE HULK, THEY SUBSTITUTED INTELLIGENCE FOR POWER! AND NOW...THEY HAVE CREATED THE ABOMINATION YOU SEE BEFORE YOU!





*IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENTIFIC FURTHERANCE, WE FEEL COMPELLED TO EMPHASIZE THAT THE ABOMINATION WAS SUBJECTED TO A MORE INTENSE DOSAGE OF GAMMA RAYS THAN BRUCE BANNER HAD FORMERLY RECEIVED!

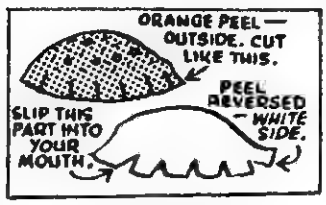


MEET . . . Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

WATER WANGLE!

● Take a couple of plastic cups and fill one about three parts full of water. Don't put quite so much in the other. Now put one on either end of a ruler balanced like a see-saw on something. The cup with the most water in it will, of course, go down. But now dip a finger in the water in the cup that is in the air. Don't touch the cup itself—believe it or not—IT WILL GO DOWN!



Fantastic Fangs

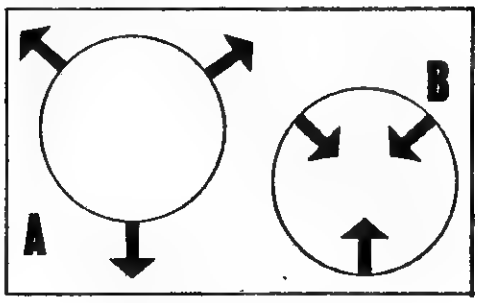
Want some false fangs to gnash at your gang? Right—next time you eat an orange save a piece of the peel and cut it as the sketch shows. Now turn it over, white side up and stick it into your mouth.

DIDDLE MIDDLE!

Nearly fill a tumbler with water and challenge your mate to float a ping-pong ball exactly in the middle. He'll fail to do it every time because surface tension on the water will pull the ball to one side.

The Knowall knowhow is to carefully pour in some more water until the water surface bulges a little above the rim of the tumbler. You'll easily do this if the tumbler is dry and standing on a level table. Use a little jug to pour in the water.

Do this and the ball will float on the top of the watery bulge—exactly in the middle.



TRICKY ARROWS

Ask your mates which is bigger, circle 'A' or circle 'B.' Most of them will say circle 'A.' But actually, both circles are the same size—as they can check for themselves with a ruler.

Did YOU know?

How old does an American Antelope have to be to run faster than a man?

★

A year? Eighteen months? Two years—Hold onto your seats—ONE MINUTE!

SUPERB SETS include MONACO Football (3); CONGO Europa (3); AUSTRIA 1915 War Set (3), TOGO —Pres Kennedy and scarce Slavery overprints (4); MONGOLIA—fantastic Rockets (3); PANAMA—Olympic Gold Medal stamp; PARAGUAY — Giant Pope Paul Total 118 stamps (worth 8/-) from all over the world ONLY 1/- to introduce Bargain Approvals (Approvals are stamps sent 14 days free inspection. Buy what you want—return the rest).

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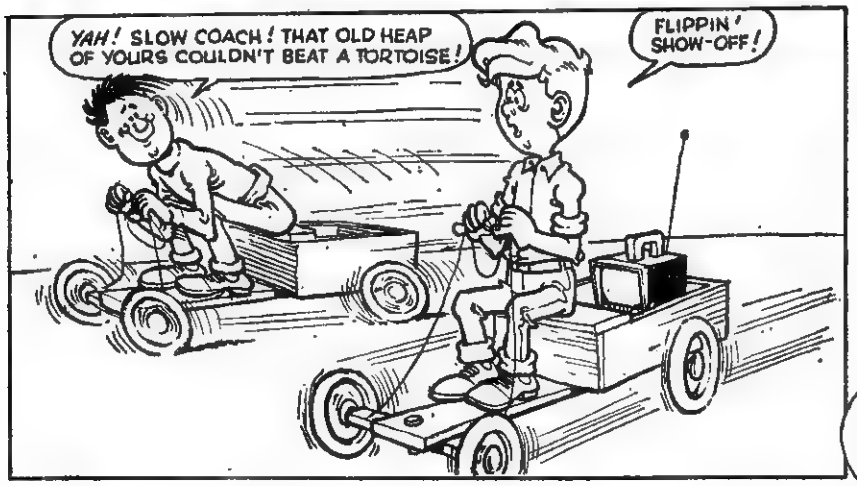
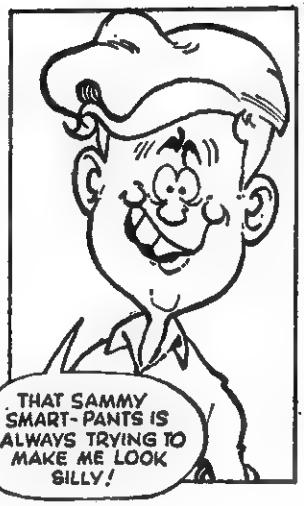
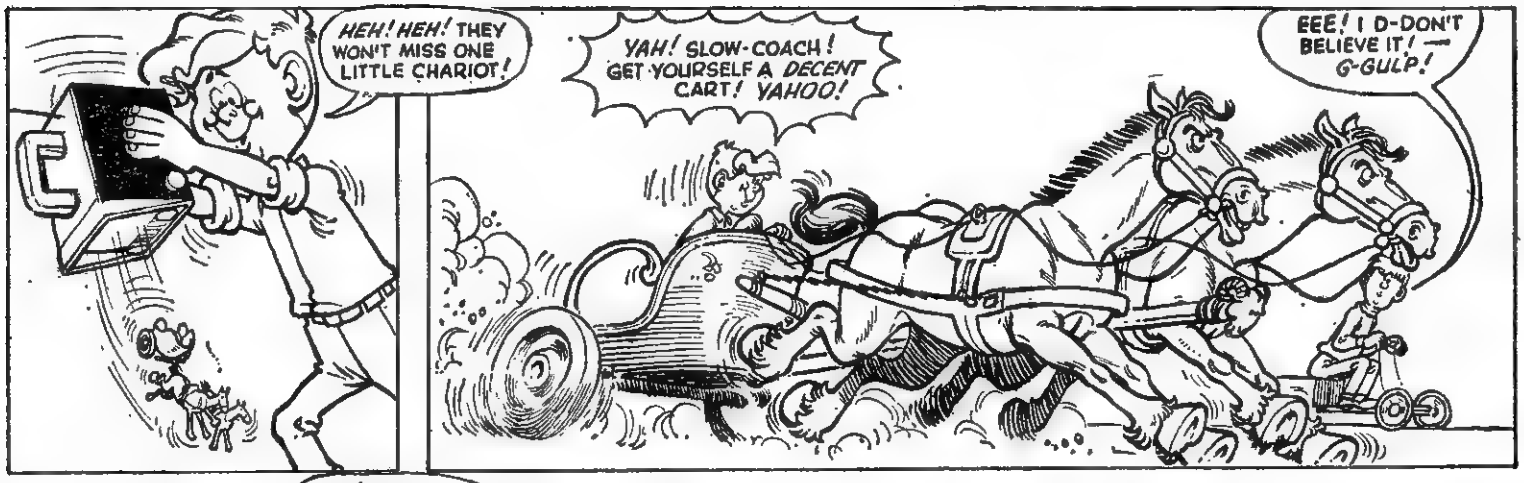
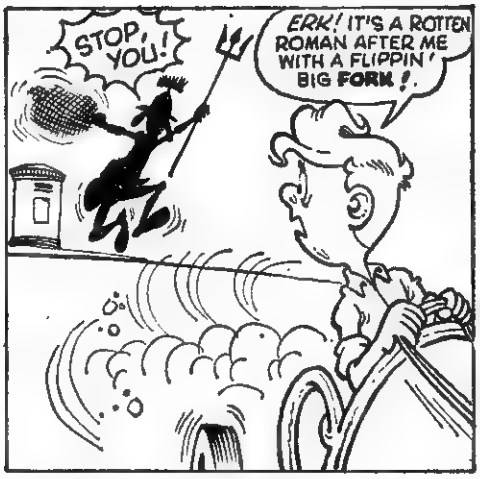
Charlie's Choice

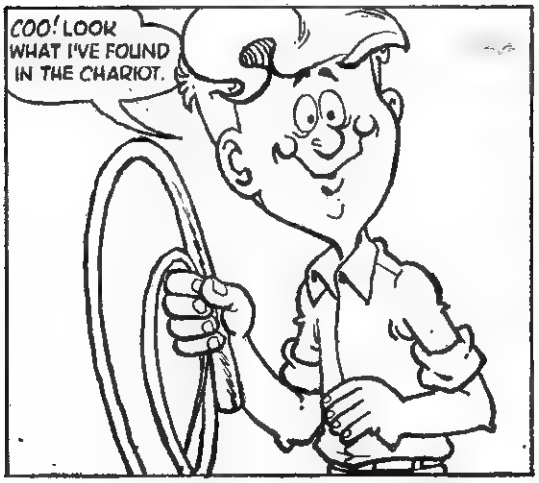
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE

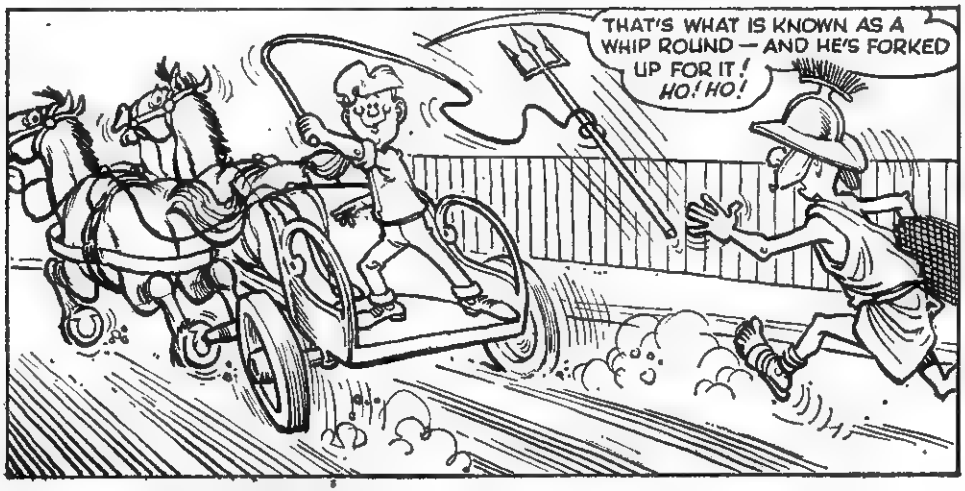


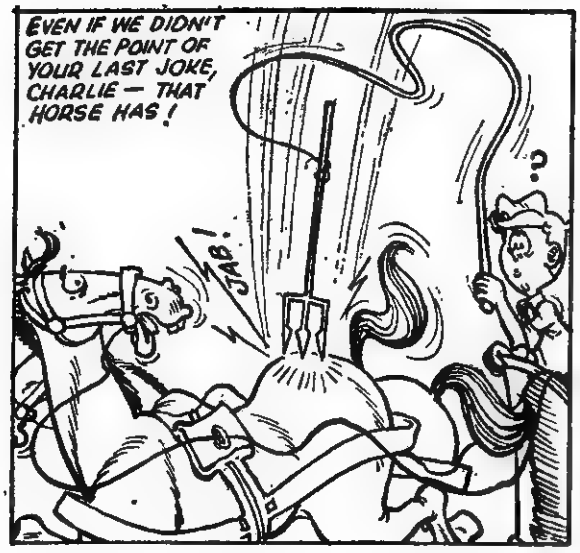


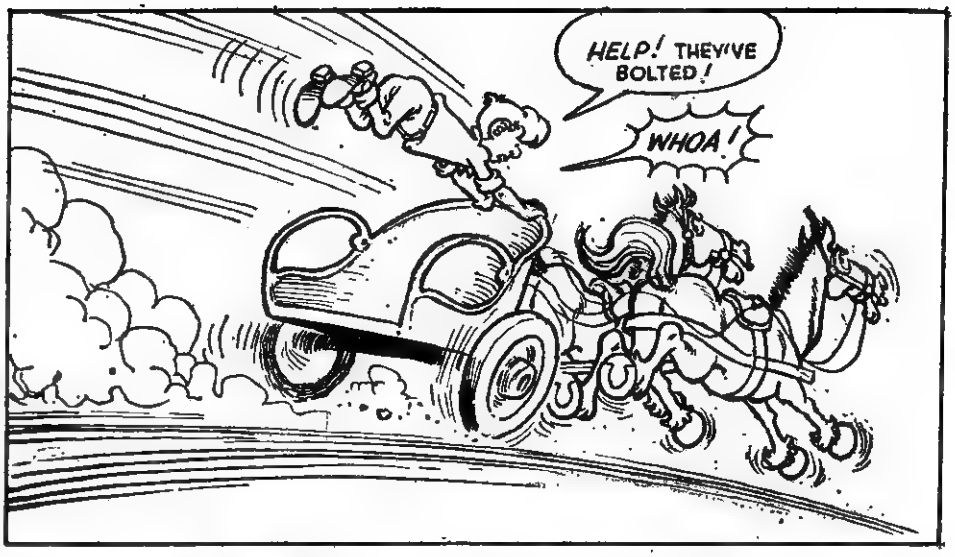









EVEN IF WE DIDN'T GET THE POINT OF YOUR LAST JOKE, CHARLIE — THAT HORSE HAS!
STAB!
?

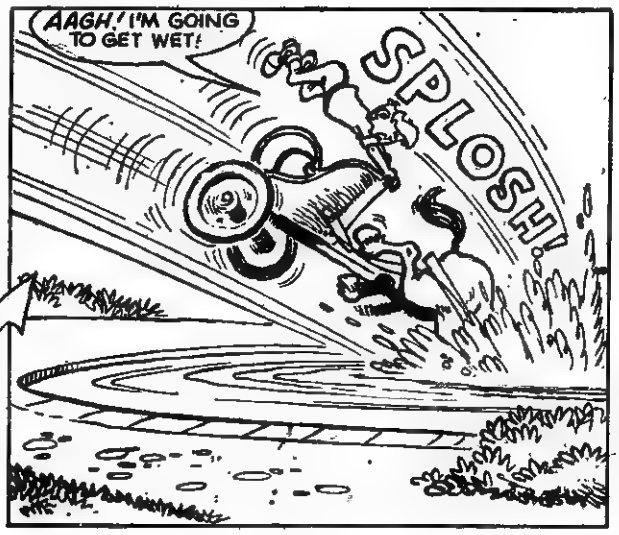

HELP! THEY'VE BOLTED!
WHOA!

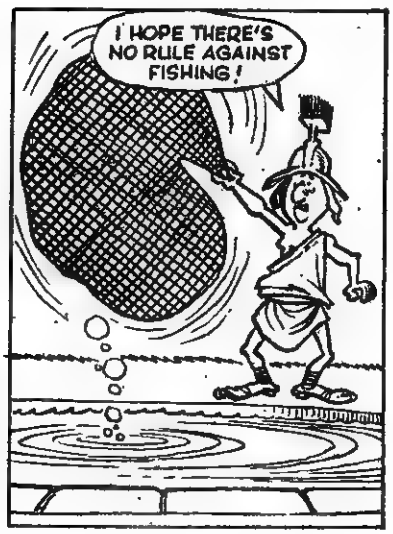
WHOA!

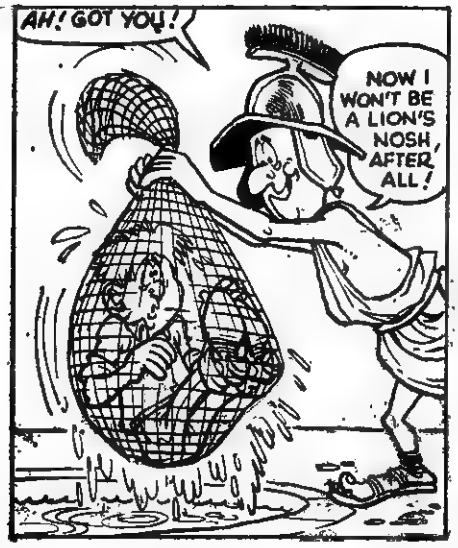
I G-GUESS THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE — WHAT'S LATIN FOR WHOA?

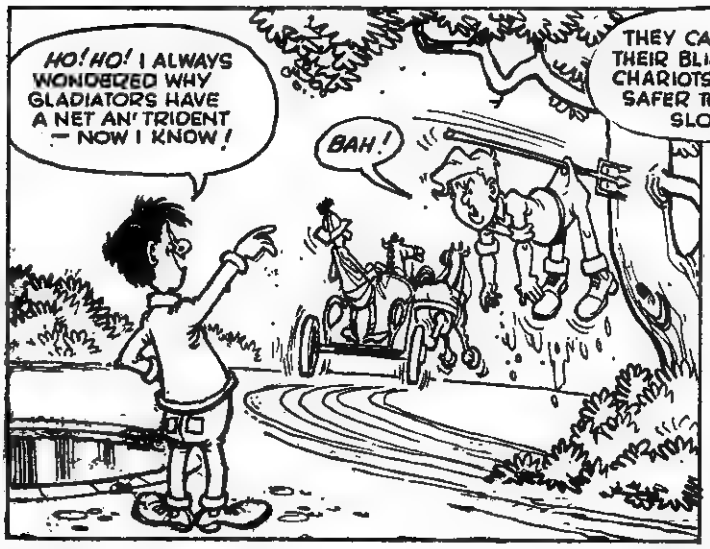
PARK
YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE — NO WHEELED VEHICLES ALLOWED!

GULP! I'LL BE HAD UP FOR DANGEROUS DRIVING!
DON'T YOU MEAN DANGEROUS DIVING, CHARLIE?

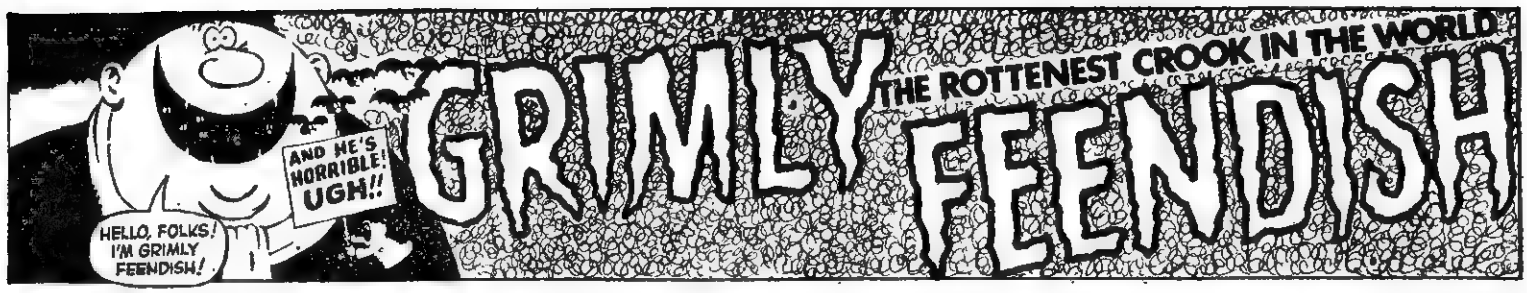

AAGH! I'M GOING TO GET WET!
SPLOSH!

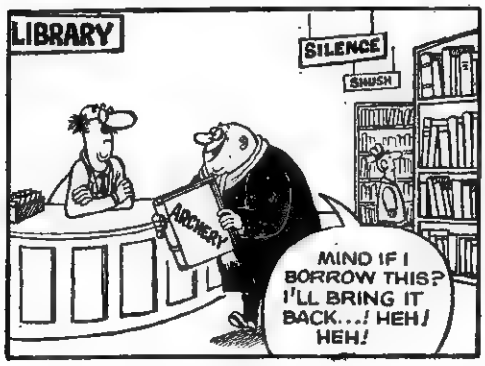

I HOPE THERE'S NO RULE AGAINST FISHING!


AH! GOT YOU!
NOW I WON'T BE A LION'S NOSH, AFTER ALL!

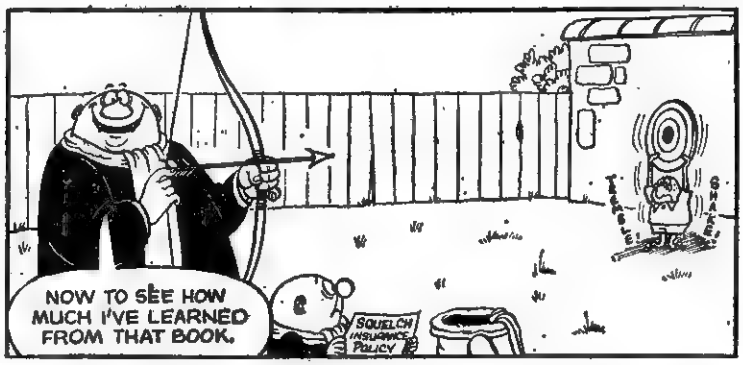

HO! HO! I ALWAYS WONDERED WHY GLADIATORS HAVE A NET AN' TRIDENT — NOW I KNOW!
BAH!

THEY CAN KEEP THEIR BLINKING OL' CHARIOTS — IT'S SAFER TO GO SLOW!

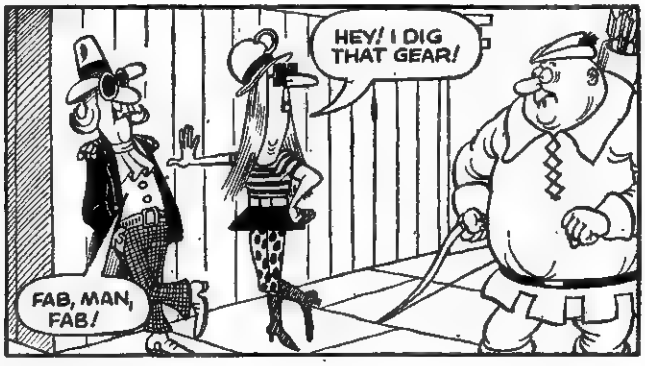

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
GRIMLY FEENDISH
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!


LIBRARY
SILENCE
SHUSH
ARCHERY
MIND IF I BORROW THIS? I'LL BRING IT BACK...! HEH! HEH!

...IN ABOUT TEN YEARS TIME— IF YOU'RE LUCKY!

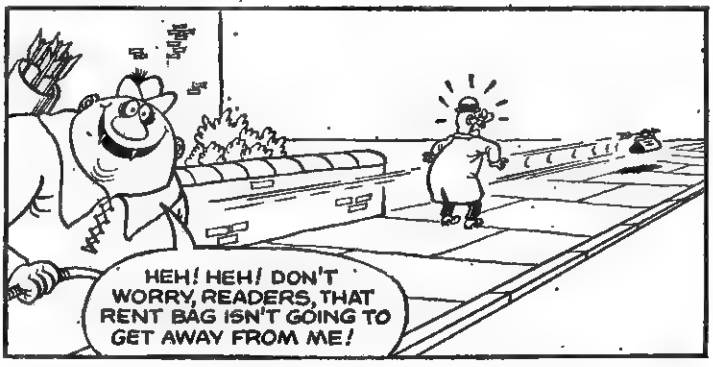

NOW TO SEE HOW MUCH I'VE LEARNED FROM THAT BOOK.
SQUELCH INSURANCE POLICY

BULLS-EYE!
H'MM! GOOD THING IT DIDN'T HIT ME!
NOW TO ROB THE RICH TO FEED POOR GRIMLY! HEH! HEH!


HEY! I DIG THAT GEAR!
FAB, MAN, FAB!

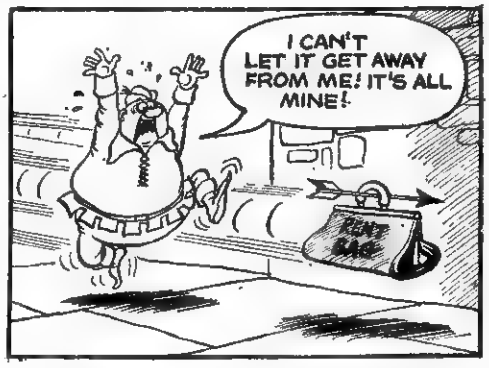
MEANWHILE...
GOODOH! GRIMLY IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT! IT'S NICE AND PEACEFUL-AND SAFE!

OH! OH! I SPOKE TO SOON!
RENT BAG

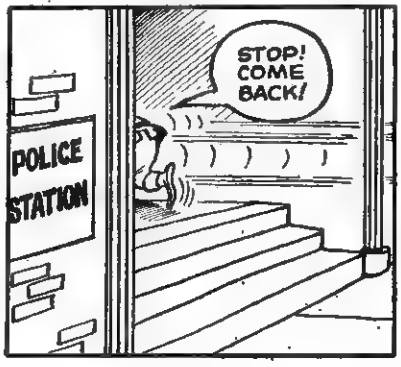

HEH! HEH! DON'T WORRY, READERS, THAT RENT BAG ISN'T GOING TO GET AWAY FROM ME!

LOOKS LIKE GRIMLY'S RIGHT FOR ONCE...
COME TO SQUELCH!
RENT BAG

ERK! WE SHOULD HAVE USED TOUGHER NETTING!
RIIP!
RENT BAG


I CAN'T LET IT GET AWAY FROM ME! IT'S ALL MINE!
RENT BAG

ERK! IT'S GOING INTO THAT DOORWAY!


STOP! COME BACK!
POLICE STATION

LATER...
LOOKS LIKE HE CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ARROWS, EH, READERS!

ANGLO BUBBLE GUMS GIVE YOU MORE FLAVOUR, MORE CHEW—AND THE BIGGEST BUBBLES!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

SUDDENLY, IN WEST CITY, U.S.A., THE INCREDIBLE HAPPENS! THE MACHINES COME TO LIFE AND TURN AGAINST THEIR HUMAN MASTERS. RUBBERMAN IS JUST ONE WHO MANAGES TO ESCAPE FROM THE CITY-GONE-MAD...

IN A CONTROL ROOM, OUTSIDE WEST CITY, ARE THE ONLY TWO MEN WHO KNOW THE SECRET OF THE LIVING MACHINES...

BUT HE IS JUST *ONE* MAN, CONTROLLER! WHAT CAN *ONE MAN* DO TO STOP US? *WHY* SHOULD WE CONCERN OURSELVES ABOUT HIM?

BECAUSE HE IS A MAN MADE OF *RUBBER*, MY DEAR PROFESSOR! AS SUCH, HE CANNOT BE COUNTED AS *JUST ONE MAN!*

OUR COMPUTERS HAVE ENABLED US TO ANTICIPATE THE REACTIONS OF NORMAL MEN TO OUR ATTACK UPON THEM! BUT SUCH A MAN... A MAN WHO IS NOT AS *OTHER* MEN... HAS *NOT* BEEN COMPUTERISED! HE IS DANGEROUS BECAUSE WE DO NOT KNOW *WHAT* HE WILL DO!

RUBBERMAN AND AN ENGINEER FRANK REILLY HAVE BEEN GIVEN A LIFT BY A TAXI-DRIVER...

AT THIS MOMENT, MORE IMPORTANT EVEN THAN THE FURTHERANCE OF OUR REBELLION, IS THE TASK OF DESTROYING THIS ONE UNKNOWN FACTOR... *RUBBERMAN!*

YELLOW

RUBBERMAN, SIR— AFTER WHAT I SEEN TODAY, THERE'S NOTHING THAT COULD MAKE ME *BAT AN EYELID!* MAN, I DON'T EVEN THINK I CAN GET *SCARED* ANY MORE!

YOU'RE LUCKY! AFTER WHAT WE'VE JUST BEEN THROUGH, A CHICKEN RUNNING ACROSS THE ROAD WOULD SCARE *ME!*

THAT'S JUST 'CAUSE YOU AIN'T GOT IT *FIGURED OUT!* WHAT HAPPENED TODAY *COULDN'T* HAPPEN, RIGHT? THEREFORE IT *DIDN'T* HAPPEN... AND ALL THIS JUST HAS TO BE A CRAZY DREAM!

BUT, SUDDENLY...

W-H-A-A-T?!

... SO WHY GET STEAMED UP ABOUT A DREAM! THERE'S NOTHING TO... *HEY! THIS HACK'S PICKING UP SPEED!*

WE'RE MOVING FASTER EVERY MOMENT! RUBBERMAN, WHAT CAN WE DO?

THE BRAKES AREN'T WORKING! AND I CAN'T EVEN SWITCH OFF!

YELLOW

WE'RE GOING TO HIT! AND I CAN'T EVEN *STEER* ANY MORE!

DON'T TRY TO JUMP FOR IT! WE'RE GOING TOO FAST! LEAN BACK AS HARD AS YOU CAN— *AND LEAVE IT TO ME...!*

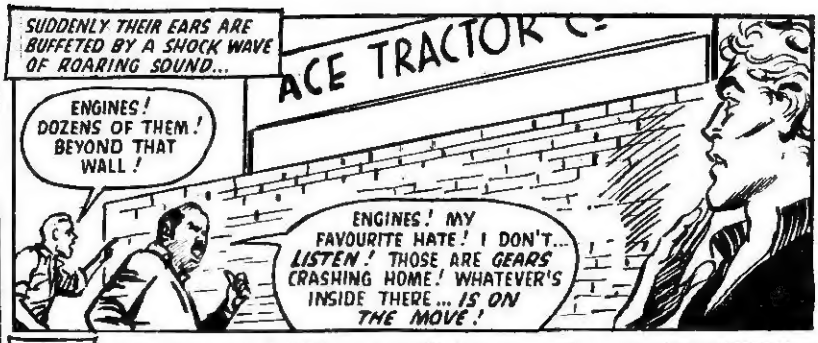
DESPERATELY, RUBBERMAN WRAPS BOTH ARMS AROUND A TELEGRAPH POLE...

CAN'T HOPE... TO STOP... IT!. BUT... MAYBE... SLOW IT DOWN... ENOUGH!

QUICKLY! NOW! JUMP!

Yellow Cab

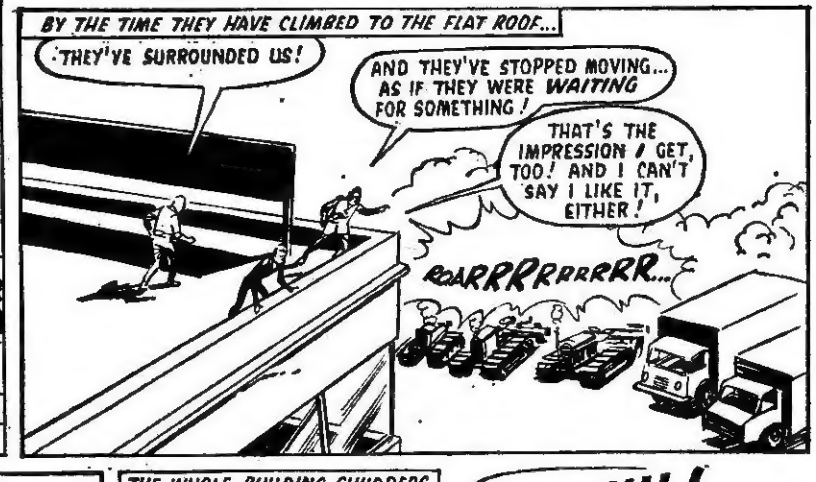
PHEW! WE WERE LUCKY THAT TIME! FROM NOW ON THE GOLDEN RULE IS KEEP WALKING AND NOT TAKE A RIDE IN ANYTHING MECHANICAL...!
LISTEN RUBBERMAN! DID YOU HEAR THAT – A WHINE-LIKE A STARTER MOTOR TURNING OVER...!

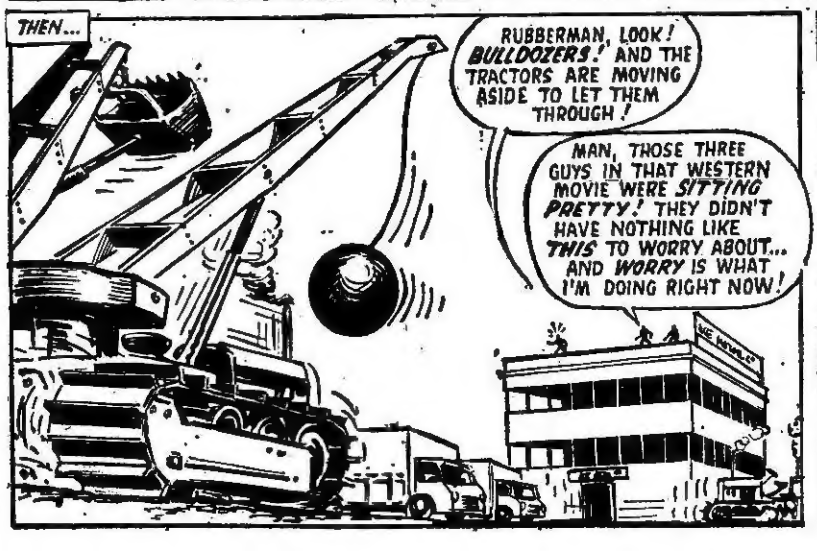

SUDDENLY THEIR EARS ARE BUFFETED BY A SHOCK WAVE OF ROARING SOUND...
ACE TRACTOR
ENGINES! DOZENS OF THEM! BEYOND THAT WALL!
ENGINES! MY FAVOURITE HATE! I DON'T... LISTEN! THOSE ARE GEARS CRASHING HOME! WHATEVER'S INSIDE THERE... IS ON THE MOVE!

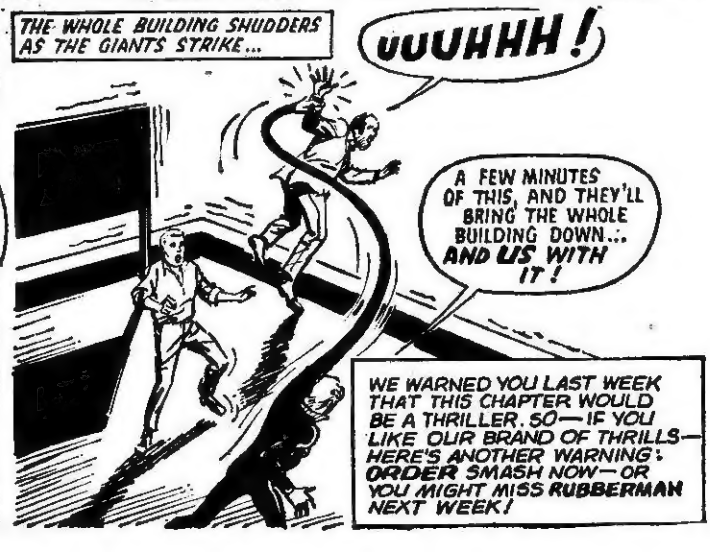
THEN...
ROARRR!
JUMPING JACK-HANDLES! IT'S A STAMPEDE! AND IT'S HEADED RIGHT FOR US!
START RUNNING!

BUT...
NOW I KNOW IT'S A CRAZY DREAM! BECAUSE IF THAT WHOLE CABOODLE OF RUMBLING HORRORS IS AFTER US... IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE AT ALL! ONLY THING IS... I WISH SOMEONE WOULD PINCH ME AWAKE... I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
ACE MOTOR Co
MAIN OFFICE
WE CAN'T GO FORWARD... OR BACK! SO... HEAD FOR THAT OFFICE BLOCK OVER THERE!

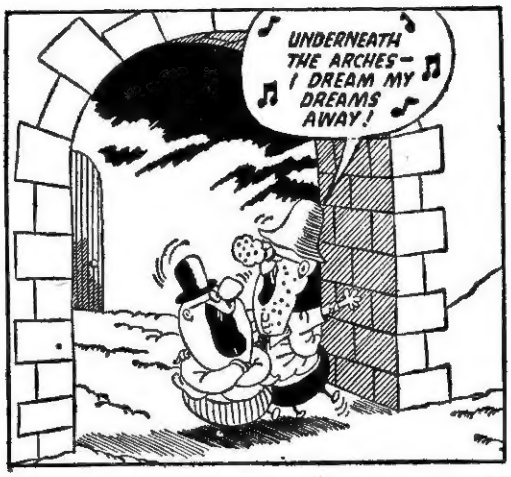
THEY'RE SPREADING OUT TO CIRCLE US! I SAW THREE GUYS IN A MOVIE ONCE IN A SPOT LIKE THIS. EXCEPT THEY WERE IN A COVERED WAGON... AND ALL THEY HAD TO WORRY ABOUT WERE INJUNS...!
DON'T YOU EVER STOP TALKING? WHAT WITH YOU AND THOSE THINGS OUT THERE WE CAN'T HEAR OURSELVES THINK...!
... AND WE'VE GOT TO THINK... FAST!


BY THE TIME THEY HAVE CLIMBED TO THE FLAT ROOF...
THEY'VE SURROUNDED US!
AND THEY'VE STOPPED MOVING... AS IF THEY WERE WAITING FOR SOMETHING!
THAT'S THE IMPRESSION I GET, TOO! AND I CAN'T SAY I LIKE IT, EITHER!
ROARRRRRRRRR...

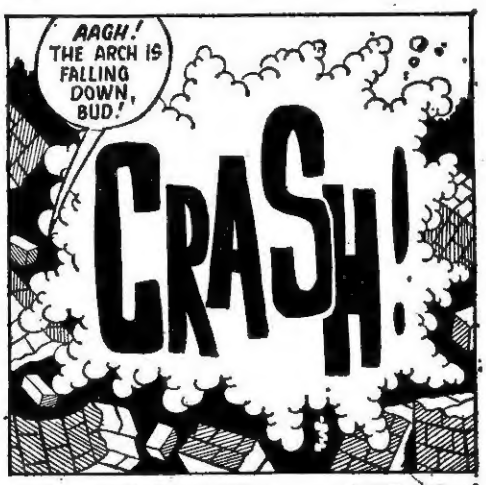

THEN...
RUBBERMAN, LOOK! BULLDOZERS! AND THE TRACTORS ARE MOVING ASIDE TO LET THEM THROUGH!
MAN, THOSE THREE GUYS IN THAT WESTERN MOVIE WERE SITTING PRETTY! THEY DIDN'T HAVE NOTHING LIKE THIS TO WORRY ABOUT... AND WORRY IS WHAT I'M DOING RIGHT NOW!


THE WHOLE BUILDING SHUDDERS AS THE GIANTS STRIKE...
UUUHHH!
A FEW MINUTES OF THIS, AND THEY'LL BRING THE WHOLE BUILDING DOWN... AND US WITH IT!
WE WARNED YOU LAST WEEK THAT THIS CHAPTER WOULD BE A THRILLER. SO—IF YOU LIKE OUR BRAND OF THRILLS—HERE'S ANOTHER WARNING: ORDER SMASH NOW—OR YOU MIGHT MISS RUBBERMAN NEXT WEEK!

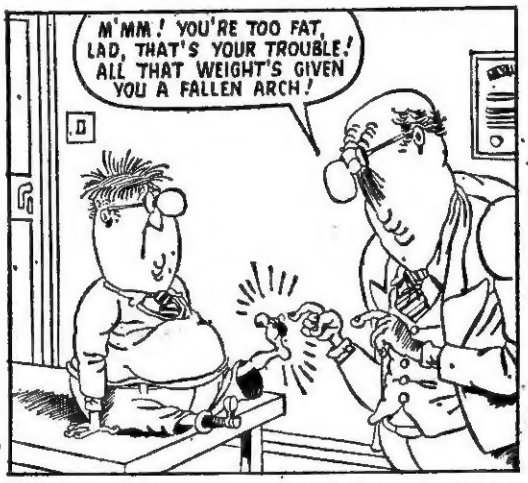
THE NERVS


UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES— I DREAM MY DREAMS AWAY!

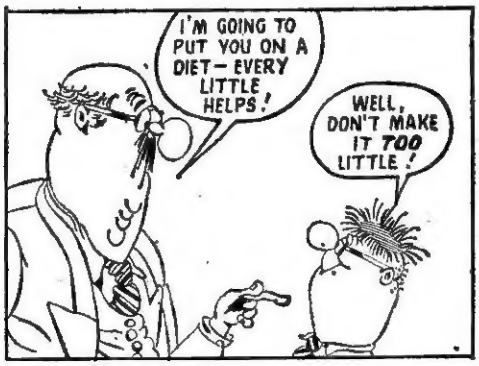
CRACK
G-GULP!


AAGH! THE ARCH IS FALLING DOWN, BUD!
CRASH!

COO-ER! LOOK WHAT IT'S DONE TO POOR OL' FATTY!
OOH-OOH! I MUST SEE THE DOC— MY FOOT'S KILLING ME!
HOP!
THROB!
THROB!

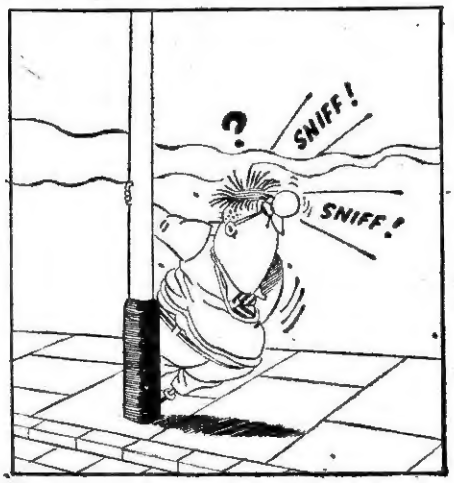

M'MM! YOU'RE TOO FAT, LAD, THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE! ALL THAT WEIGHT'S GIVEN YOU A FALLEN ARCH!

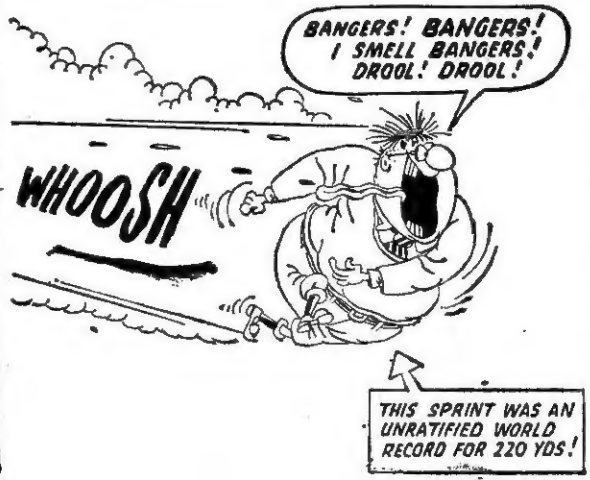
HE AIN'T KIDDING— AND IT FELL RIGHT ON US!
YEAH! WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

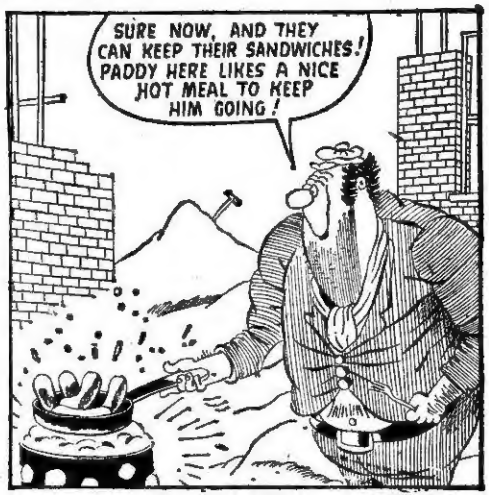

I'M GOING TO PUT YOU ON A DIET— EVERY LITTLE HELPS!
WELL, DON'T MAKE IT TOO LITTLE!

HUH! HOW'S A DIET GOING TO GET THIS LOT UP AGAIN?
IT'S NOT A DIET WE NEED— IT'S A BUILDER!

TWO DAYS LATER....
FOOD! FOOD! I'VE GOT TO HAVE FOOD! THIS DIET'S KILLING ME!


?
SNIFF!
SNIFF!


BANGERS! BANGERS! I SMELL BANGERS! DROOL! DROOL!
WHOOSH
THIS SPRINT WAS AN UNRATIFIED WORLD RECORD FOR 220 YDS!

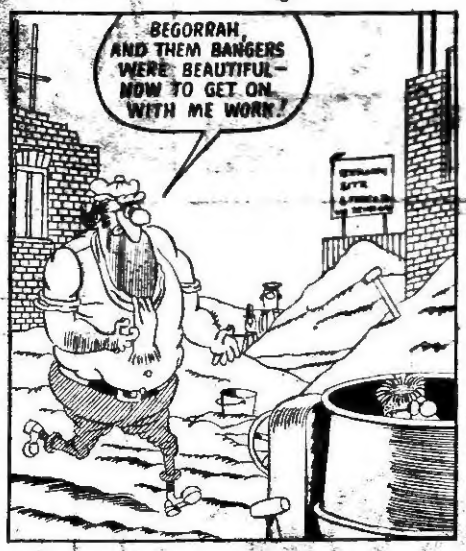

SURE NOW, AND THEY CAN KEEP THEIR SANDWICHES! PADDY HERE LIKES A NICE HOT MEAL TO KEEP HIM GOING!

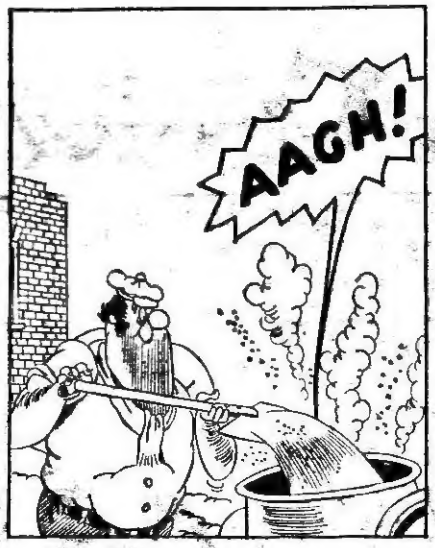
SPARE A CRUMB, KIND SIR! GASP! GASP!
?

BE OFF WITH YOU, YOU SCROUNGING SON OF AN ENGLISH DOG-PADDY'S BANGERS ARE FOR PADDY!
ONLY A CRUMB! BOO! HOO! HOO!
THWACK!

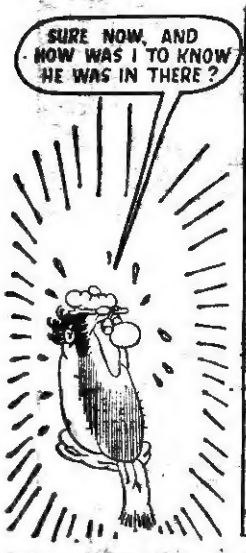
PLOP!
?

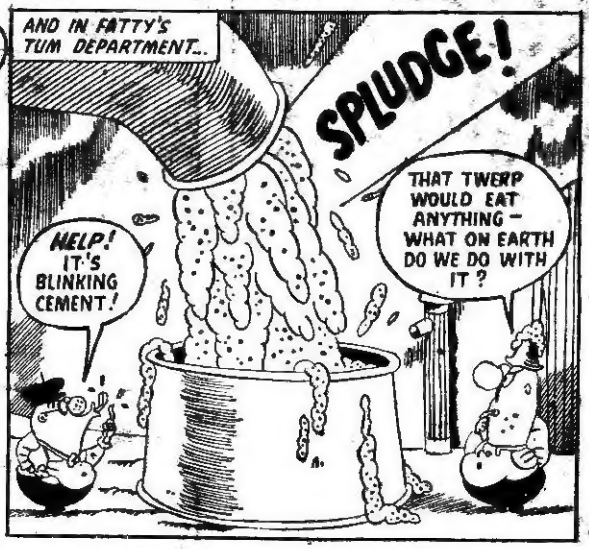
IF FATTY DOESN'T HURRY AND WAKE UP – HE'LL BE JUST ANOTHER CRAZY, MIXED-UP KID!


BEGORRAH, AND THEM BANGERS WERE BEAUTIFUL – NOW TO GET ON WITH ME WORK!

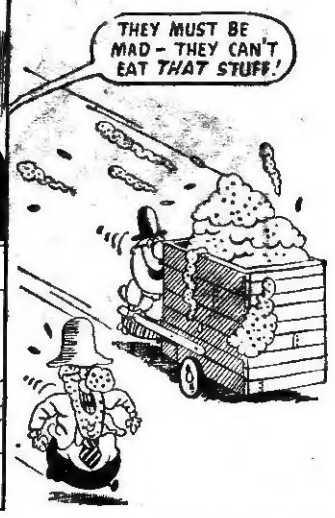

AAGH!

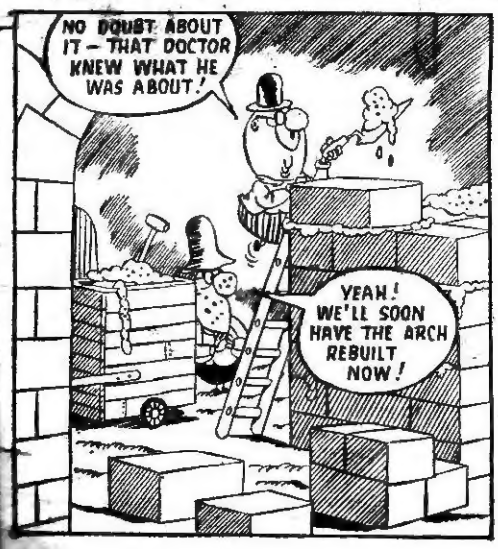
WAA-AAH! YOU GREAT BIG TWIT – I SWALLOWED HALF OF THAT CEMENT!

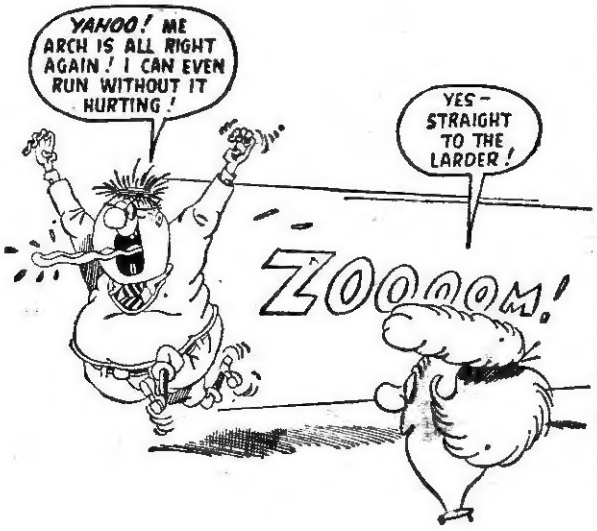

SURE NOW, AND HOW WAS I TO KNOW HE WAS IN THERE?


AND IN FATTY'S TUM DEPARTMENT...
SPLUDGE!
HELP! IT'S BLINKING CEMENT!
THAT TWERP WOULD EAT ANYTHING – WHAT ON EARTH DO WE DO WITH IT?

YAHOO! IT'S FOR US!
JUST WHAT WE NEED! GOOD OLD FATTY!

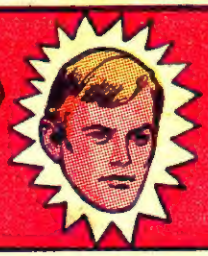

THEY MUST BE MAD – THEY CAN'T EAT THAT STUFF!


NO DOUBT ABOUT IT – THAT DOCTOR KNEW WHAT HE WAS ABOUT!
YEAH! WE'LL SOON HAVE THE ARCH REBUILT NOW!

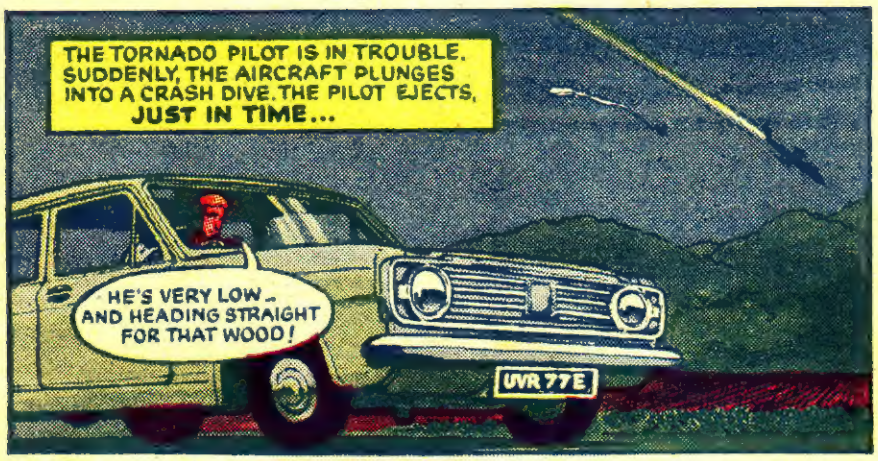

YAHOO! ME ARCH IS ALL RIGHT AGAIN! I CAN EVEN RUN WITHOUT IT HURTING!
YES – STRAIGHT TO THE LARDER!
ZOOOOM!

♪ UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES – WE DREAM OUR DREAMS AWAY! ♪

INCHMAN



saves Test Pilot, rescues Flight Recorder in the new Dinky Ford Cortina It's test day for Inchman in the new Dinky Cortina. Test day too for the Air Force's new Tornado VTO Jet Fighter



INCHMAN LEAVES THE ROAD AND HEADS FOR THE PILOT – ACROSS A PLOUGHED FIELD! THE CORTINA TAKES THE BUMPS IN ITS STRIDE. *THE DINKY CORTINA HAS PRESTOMATIC STEERING AND SUSPENSION*

INCHMAN QUICKLY DRESSES THE PILOT'S LEG, EASES HIM ONTO THE CORTINA'S REAR SEAT, THEN DRIVES TO THE WRECKED PLANE. *THE DINKY CORTINA HAS TILT FORWARD SEATS.*

AFTER SAFELY STOWING THE TOP SECRET FLIGHT RECORDER IN THE CORTINA'S BOOT, INCHMAN DRIVES THE PILOT STEADILY BACK TO HIS BASE – AND HOSPITAL. *THE DINKY CORTINA HAS AN OPENING BOOT.*

THE DINKY FORD CORTINA HAS TWO OPENING DOORS, ALSO TILT-FORWARD SEATS, PRESTOMATIC STEERING AND SUSPENSION, OPENING BOOT, OPENING BONNET (WITH SPECIAL RELEASE), DETAILED ENGINE, 'CHROMED' GRILLE AND BUMPERS, AND LOTS MORE AUTHENTIC DETAILS

–JUST LIKE INCHMAN YOU CAN HAVE LOTS OF ADVENTURES WITH THE SUPERB ALL-ACTION DINKY FORD CORTINA ASK FOR MODEL Nº 159 PRICE 7s.11d.

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